

Wholesale and Retail
Merchants.
have opened in their
NEW STORE ROOM
ON MAIN STREET.
A large Assortment of
MERCHANDISE,
Liberal discounts made to
merchants.

NEW STORE ROOM
ON MAIN STREET.
A large Assortment of
MERCHANDISE,
Liberal discounts made to
merchants.

NEW STORE ROOM
ON MAIN STREET.
A large Assortment of
MERCHANDISE,
Liberal discounts made to
merchants.

NEW STORE ROOM
ON MAIN STREET.
A large Assortment of
MERCHANDISE,
Liberal discounts made to
merchants.

NEW STORE ROOM
ON MAIN STREET.
A large Assortment of
MERCHANDISE,
Liberal discounts made to
merchants.

NEW STORE ROOM
ON MAIN STREET.
A large Assortment of
MERCHANDISE,
Liberal discounts made to
merchants.

NEW STORE ROOM
ON MAIN STREET.
A large Assortment of
MERCHANDISE,
Liberal discounts made to
merchants.

NEW STORE ROOM
ON MAIN STREET.
A large Assortment of
MERCHANDISE,
Liberal discounts made to
merchants.

NEW STORE ROOM
ON MAIN STREET.
A large Assortment of
MERCHANDISE,
Liberal discounts made to
merchants.

NEW STORE ROOM
ON MAIN STREET.
A large Assortment of
MERCHANDISE,
Liberal discounts made to
merchants.

NEW STORE ROOM
ON MAIN STREET.
A large Assortment of
MERCHANDISE,
Liberal discounts made to
merchants.

NEW STORE ROOM
ON MAIN STREET.
A large Assortment of
MERCHANDISE,
Liberal discounts made to
merchants.

NEW STORE ROOM
ON MAIN STREET.
A large Assortment of
MERCHANDISE,
Liberal discounts made to
merchants.

NEW STORE ROOM
ON MAIN STREET.
A large Assortment of
MERCHANDISE,
Liberal discounts made to
merchants.

NEW STORE ROOM
ON MAIN STREET.
A large Assortment of
MERCHANDISE,
Liberal discounts made to
merchants.

NEW STORE ROOM
ON MAIN STREET.
A large Assortment of
MERCHANDISE,
Liberal discounts made to
merchants.

NEW STORE ROOM
ON MAIN STREET.
A large Assortment of
MERCHANDISE,
Liberal discounts made to
merchants.

NEW STORE ROOM
ON MAIN STREET.
A large Assortment of
MERCHANDISE,
Liberal discounts made to
merchants.

NEW STORE ROOM
ON MAIN STREET.
A large Assortment of
MERCHANDISE,
Liberal discounts made to
merchants.

NEW STORE ROOM
ON MAIN STREET.
A large Assortment of
MERCHANDISE,
Liberal discounts made to
merchants.

NEW STORE ROOM
ON MAIN STREET.
A large Assortment of
MERCHANDISE,
Liberal discounts made to
merchants.

NEW STORE ROOM
ON MAIN STREET.
A large Assortment of
MERCHANDISE,
Liberal discounts made to
merchants.

NEW STORE ROOM
ON MAIN STREET.
A large Assortment of
MERCHANDISE,
Liberal discounts made to
merchants.

NEW STORE ROOM
ON MAIN STREET.
A large Assortment of
MERCHANDISE,
Liberal discounts made to
merchants.

NEW STORE ROOM
ON MAIN STREET.
A large Assortment of
MERCHANDISE,
Liberal discounts made to
merchants.

NEW STORE ROOM
ON MAIN STREET.
A large Assortment of
MERCHANDISE,
Liberal discounts made to
merchants.

THE VALLEY TAN

SIX DOLLARS IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 2.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1860.

SINGLE COPY, 15

NUMBER

THE VALLEY TAN

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY
STEPHEN DEWOLFE.

TERMS:

Single copy for one year, \$6, if paid in
advance; or \$8, if not paid in advance.
Advertisements inserted per square
line or less, for \$1.50 for the first
insertion; and 75 cts. for each subsequent
insertion.
A liberal deduction will be made to per-
sons who advertise by the quarter.

Deborah Lee.

BY FUZZY GUZZY.

[Those who have read Poe's "Annabel
Lee," will appreciate the following par-
ody, as exquisite in kind as was the origi-
nal of that gifted genius whose lamp
has been extinguished:—Cincinnati
Commercial.]

It is a dozen or so of years ago,
Somewhere in the West country,
That a nice girl lived, as ye Hoosiers
know,
By the name of Deborah Lee;
Her sister was loved by Edgar Poe,
But Deborah by me.

Now I was green, and she was green,
As a summer's squash might be,
And we loved as warmly as other folks,
Till my Deborah Lee—
With a love that the lasses of Hoosierdom
Coveted her and me.

But somehow it happened a long ago,
In the aguish West country,
That a chill March morning gave the
shake,
To my beautiful Deborah Lee;
And the grim steam doctor (curse him)
Came.

And bore her away from me—
The doctor and death old partners they—
In the aguish country.

The angels wanted her up in Heaven,
(But they never asked for me.)
And that is the reason, I rather guess,
In the aguish West country,
That the cold March wind and the doctor
and death

Took off my Deborah Lee—
My beautiful Deborah Lee—
From the warm sunshine and the opening
dawn,
And took her away from me.

My love was as strong as a six-horse
team,
Or the love of folks older than we,
And possibly wiser than we,
At death, with the aid of doctor and
steam.

Was rather too many for me;
I closed the peepers and silenced the
breath,
Of my sweetheart, Deborah Lee;
And her form lies cold in the prairie
mold.

Silent and cold—ah, me!
The foot of the hunter shall press her
grave,
And the prairie's sweet wild flowers,
Their odorless beauty around it wave,
Through all the sunny hours;
The still, bright summer hours;
And birds shall sing in the tufted grass,
And the nectar-laden bee,
With his dreary hum on his gauze wings
pass—
She wakes no more to me;
Ah! never more to me!

Though the wild birds sing and the wild
flowers spring,
She wakes no more to me.

Off, in the hush of the dim, still
night,
A vision of beauty I see,
Lying soft to my bedside—a phantom
of light.

Dear, beautiful Deborah Lee—
My bride that was to be,
I awake to mourn that the doctor
and death
Took the cold March wind, should stop
the breath

Of my darling Deborah Lee—
Adorable Deborah Lee;
That angels should want her in Heaven
Before they wanted me!

Interesting Description of Nauvoo and its Tem- ple—The Icarians.

Nauvoo the Mecca of the modern
Jews, and the New Jerusalem of
the Latter-Day Saints, in the natu-
ral beauty of its position is without
equal on the river. Seated at
the head of the Rapids, on a point of
land around which the river sweeps
a gentle curve, it commands a
view of the stream extending many
miles without interruption in either
direction. Rising with a gentle
slope from the river's bank, the land
gradually grows more elevated as
it recedes, until it reaches its cul-
mination in a lofty eminence on
which the Temple once reared its
proportions in stately gran-
deur. All along the hill-side, in the
city's prosperity, rows of
magnificent edifices were terraced,
only of which may now be
seen the walls and the foundations
of the Temple. The family of the great Prophet
still dwell in Nauvoo. No persua-

every hand. The place now presents
the strange anomaly of a city of re-
cent origin built of ruins, and reared
in the midst of desolation. Before
the Mormons were driven away the
population exceeded thirty thousand;
and now not a tenth of that number
can be found in the place. Many
times more building have been pulled
down than are now standing, and
many still remain that have no other
tenants than rats and owls.

The chief object of interest that
the place contains is of course the
Temple, or what remains of it. It
stands, as has been already observed,
on the summit of the hill that over-
looks the city, and is a conspicuous
object at the distance of many miles.
Years ago, it was destroyed by fire,
and only the front walls are now left
standing. When in its perfect state
it must have presented a very impos-
ing appearance. The material used
in its construction is limestone, ob-
tained in the neighborhood, and of
most excellent quality. The portion
now standing is about sixty feet in
height, and constitutes the portico, or
hall of entrance into the building.—
On either side of the doorway, three
pilasters are inserted, their bases
resting on a crescent moon, the caps
surmounted by a rising sun. Just
above the sun a pair of hands appear,
each holding with firm grip a trum-
pet, and high above sun, and hands
and trumpet, a star of enormous mag-
nitude scatters its divergent rays.—
Of what these symbols are typical,
those only who have been admitted
into the mysteries of Mormonism can
explain. The Temple, as we have
stated, is in a state of dilapidation
and ruin. The portion not already
fallen is tottering to its base, and
huge cracks gape along the walls
from top to bottom. We passed,
with some misgivings of accident, be-
neath a ruined archway, and stood
within the vestibule. A flock of par-
tridges that had been feasting at a
neighboring wheat-stack, and were
now seeking refuge within the build-
ing from the heat of the noon-day
sun, were frightened at our intru-
sion, and darted, with tumultuous
haste and whirring sound, through
the gaping windows. The place
where we stood was filled with mas-
ses of stone. In the spot underneath
them, we were told, yawned a deep
pit, the uses of which were known
only to the initiated. Its mouth was
covered by an enormous stone slab
that formed part of the pavement,
and until the pit was revealed by the
destruction of the building, its very
existence had not been suspected.—
Heaps of stone rubbish, filling its
depths and piled high above it, have
obliterated all traces of it now, and
effectually choked its utterance, if it
had any secret to disclose.

On either side of the vestibule are
small rooms, from which circular
stairways ascended to the Great
Hall, which was in the second story.
After the expulsion of the Mormons,
this Hall was used for balls, public
meetings and the like secular, not to
say profane purposes, and was held
in great regard by the citizens for
such uses. The congregation "wor-
shipped" in a large room on the first
floor, which extended the whole
depth of the building. In the base-
ment beneath was the Baptismal
Font, which was supported on twelve
oxen hewn out of solid stone. No
trace of this font or of the oxen is
left, only the well over which it stood
remains. We removed one of the
planks that covered the well and
looked down into its depths, but noth-
ing was to be seen but water; water
and a solitary frog, that lay floating
at its ease, with limbs lazily extend-
ed, but who quickly disappeared
when his privacy was invaded.

All around in every direction the
ground is thickly strewn with broken
stone. An enormous amount of ma-
terial must have been used in the
construction of the building. Two
large houses have already been built
from its ruins, and enough still re-
mains to furnish material for the
erection of two or three others equal-
ly extensive.

Within a stone's throw of this
Fane, dedicated to a heathenish fa-
naticism, and now happily a mass of
shapeless ruins, a Christian temple
lifts its modest spire, and looks
with an eye of pitying wonder on the
humiliating witness of man's folly
and his blasphemous presumption.
The family of the great Prophet
still dwell in Nauvoo. No persua-

sions can prevail on them to remove
to Utah. His widow has married
again, and with her husband keeps
the Mansion House, the only house
of entertainment that the city affords.
The oldest son, who bears his father's
name of "Joseph," is a justice
of the peace, and a useful and very
respected citizen. Great inducements
have been offered him to re-
move to Great Salt Lake City, but
he steadily resists all such importu-
nities.

For the purpose of gratifying a
curiosity general, if not commendable,
we asked to be shown the spot
where the Prophet was buried; but
received for answer that the grave
of Joe Smith like the sepulchre of
Moses, was known to no one; to no
one at least, except the immediate
family, who keep the knowledge of
it a profound secret.

The Mormon Temple, with the
buildings adjacent, were purchased
some years ago, by an association in
New York, with the design of devot-
ing them to purposes of education.
The night preceding the day that the
transfer was to have taken place,
the Temple was set on fire and de-
stroyed. With it perished the pros-
pects of Nauvoo. From that day the
town has declined. The origin of
the fire is still a mystery. Some
attribute it to the fanaticism of the
Mormons themselves, who could not
bear to see their sacred edifice pass
into the hands of unbelieving gentiles;
others charge the act on the heretical
and disaffected among the Mormons,
while yet others, taking a more busi-
ness view of the matter, are sure
that the destruction of the building
may be traced to the jealousy felt by
the rival towns in the neighborhood
of the rising greatness of Nauvoo.—
It is not likely that the origin of the
fire will ever be discovered; all that
is known is that it was the act of an
incendiary.

A community of Icarians, under
the leadership of M. Cabbe, their
founder, soon afterwards removed to
the place, and became the purchasers
of the property. The Icarians are
French Socialists, and hold all prop-
erty in common. On two sides of
Temple square their dwellings have
been erected, on the other side they
have built their store-houses and
their school-houses, the latter out of
the ruins of the Temple.

They numbered at first about six
hundred persons, but by death and
desertions the community has been
reduced to less than three hundred.
Their leader, M. Cabbe, died about
a year ago; since that his place has
been supplied by M. Marchant.—
Socialism they say is the only true
democracy, and this they profess to
practise in letter and in spirit. All
are required to work, and the posi-
tion of leader carries with it no ex-
clusive privileges. When we were
presented to M. Marchant, we found
him in a cook's dress, busily engag-
ed in preparing dinner for the whole
community. Their number at present
at Nauvoo is small, not exceed-
ing fifty or sixty, the others of the
community being in Adams county,
Iowa, where they hold a large tract
of land. Some few are at Chelton-
ham, near this city, where they are
engaged in the manufacture of
fire brick. The property of the
community in Nauvoo has been sold,
and in December the whole society
will be united on their farm in Iowa.
All the time that they have been in
Nauvoo, they have been distinguish-
ed for industry, neatness and good
conduct, and barring their peculiar
notions of government and religion,
they are good citizens and excellent
neighbors.—*Mo. Repub.*

A NEW DRINK.—The Evening
Post says that they have a new
drink in New York, which it de-
scribes as follows:

"Minnie-rifle brandy, killing two
hundred yards, off-hand, must yield
in potency to uangle foot whiskey, a
drink now in general use. It is made
of diluted alcohol, nitric acid, boot-
legs and tobacco, and will upset an
individual at the distance of four hun-
dred yards from the demijohn con-
taining it."

"You are an old sheep," said a
Promising specimen of young Amer-
ica to his mother. "Well, you little
rascal," exclaimed she, seizing the
broomstick, "if I am an old sheep, I
lam'd you, and I'll lam you again."
—*Louisville Journal.*

Death's Doings in 1859.

The Philadelphia *N. American*
says: The festivities which cheer the
departure of the year and hail the
advent of its successor, should not
render us forgetful of the fact that
another landmark of time has been
reached, and that we have so much
less of our pilgrimage here to per-
form. Since the beginning of the
year, upwards of twenty-five millions
of human beings have passed away
from the scene of their joys and their
sorrows. Upon them Time has con-
ferred immortality—perhaps an "im-
mortality of ill!" They have been in-
itiated into the awful mystery of
the change from life to death, from
death to life again. As they have
sown so shall they reap. But our
present concern is not with the eter-
nal destiny of this mass of human be-
ings, equalling in number nearly the
population of the United States; it is
with the earthly immortality which
bids fair to attach to a small, and but
an incredibly small, fraction of it. A
humiliating thought it is that, out of
so many millions, scarcely five hun-
dred will be remembered by the next
generation—that not more than one
man in fifty thousand makes his
mark. The past year has removed
from among us some of those whose
mighty minds have shown them to be
the sons of Heaven, whose names are
for all time. Literature, the phys-
ical sciences, the fine arts, the polit-
ical world, the commercial world, the
social sphere, each and all have ex-
perienced losses for which time will
not make amends.

The scientific world has suffered
more severely than any other. John
Pringle Nichol, the accomplished au-
thor of the "Architecture of the Heav-
ens," and William Cranch Bond, of
Yale College, head the list of losses
in the astronomical world. The
month of May proved fatal to Deni-
son Olmstead, whose numerous con-
tributions to the philosophical and
scientific journals of America, and whose
works on the study of physical sci-
ence will long keep his memory
green. It also carried off the vena-
ble Alexander Von Humboldt, the
patriarch of science, whose mind was
a Cosmos in itself. Close upon the
death of Humboldt followed that of
Dionysius Lardner, to whom the
world will not accord the meed of
greatness, but it will admit that he
rendered good service by populariz-
ing science, and bringing it home to
the millions. The month of September
saw the last engineering effort of
Isambard Brunel, a man of gigantic
conceptions and indomitable energy,
who fell a victim to the premature
exhaustion of his faculties by intense
application to his profession. Hard-
ly had the grave closed over him
when the world was again stunned
by the death of Robert Stephenson,
the illustrious compeer and friend of
Brunel, the benevolent patron of art
and science, the beloved of the social
circle. Lastly the veteran geometer,
the profoundest mathematician of
Europe, Louis Poinso, has within
the last month obeyed the summons
of death.

Next to the world of science, that
of literature has suffered most. The
accomplished historians, Prescott and
Hallam, were called away at the very
commencement of the year. T. K.
Hervy, the lyric poet, followed in
February. In April, the eccentric
Sydney Owenson, better known by
her married name, Lady Morgan,
whose literary career extended over
a period of sixty years, and who dur-
ing that period gave to the world
many brilliant and delightful effu-
sions, rested from her labors. De
Tocqueville, who studied our institu-
tions with such earnestness, and gave
to the world the result of his inves-
tigations in his famous "Democracy in
America," (*La Democratie en Ameri-
que*) is the next on the list of the de-
parted. Bishop Doane, of New Jer-
sey, was added to the list in May.—
John Angell James and Archdeacon
Frause also disappeared from the re-
ligious world. Leigh Hunt, the po-
et and essayist, died in August. The
close of the year has witnessed the
departure of two of the brightest
stars in the literary heavens, viz:—
Washington Irving, the patriarch of
literature, as Humboldt was of sci-
ence, the pride of this country, and
one of the most perfect masters of
our language that has yet appeared,
of whom it is needless to say more on

this occasion; and Thomas De Quin-
cey, well known for his masculine
and logical style, and for his celebra-
ted "Confessions of an English Opium
Eater," his translations of Rich-
ter and Lessing, and his contributions
to the leading magazines of England
and Scotland. Mount Stuart Elphinstone,
the elegant and accomplished
historian of India, closes the list of
the illustrious victims of 1859 in the
world of letters.

After science and literature, art
has its offerings. Charles Robert
Leslie, born in London, of Ameri-
can parents, died in May at the ma-
ture age of 65, having contributed
by his pencil a vast number of treas-
ures to the galleries of painting.—
Thos. Crawford, our admired sculp-
tor, closed in October, at the early
age of 45, in a foreign land, a life
of suffering, borne with the calmness
and heroism of a Christian. The
gifted vocalist, Angiolina Bosio, died
suddenly, in April, at St. Petersburg,
whereby the musical world sustained
great loss, as it has done since in the
death of Louis Spohr and Karl Reissig,
the most learned, though not the
most inventive, of modern com-
posers.

The political world has also been
deprived of some of its celebrities
during the past year. And first and
foremost among them was that infa-
mous notoriety Ferdinand II, King
of Naples, surnamed "Bomba," whose
memory will, for the future, be asso-
ciated with that of Nero, Ivan the
Terrible, and other monsters of like
description. The world in general,
and Naples in particular, were re-
lieved of his hateful presence in May;
and the same month took away the
Baron Von Jellachich, ban of Croatia,
so well known for the services he
rendered to the Austrian monarchy
during the Hungarian war of 1849.
King Oscar, of Sweden, and Queen
Stephanie, of Portugal, are in the
royal list. Marshal Lebrun, one of
the first Napoleon Generals, the
Archduke Charles, his great rival,
Joseph Sturge, the philanthropist,
Rufus Choate, A. V. Brown, J. W.
Davis, Gamaliel Bailey, of the "Na-
tional Era," and Senator Broderick,
of California, are among the decessed
politicians.

The celebrated Austrian diplo-
matist, Metternich, and his pupil,
Count Colloredo Mansfeld, end our
list. The latter filled the highest
official situations under the Emperor
Francis Joseph, and manifested abil-
ities of a very superior order, though
it may be doubted whether men of
the genus Talleyrand are benefac-
tors to their race. Politically, though
not physically, dead is Frederick
William IV of Prussia; his body
lives, though his mind is paralyzed.
We may include him in the catalogue
of extinct notabilities, to which may
lastly be added Sir Isaac Lyon Gold-
smith, one of the great capitalists of Lon-
don, whose monetary operations have
been felt in almost every city of every
civilized and uncivilized country.—
With the Rothschilds and Barings
he was associated in every enter-
prise of magnitude during the last
half century, and was indeed a
Prince in Israel.

A CONSCIENTIOUS WIDOW.—A
poor peasant on his death-bed made
his will. He called his wife to him,
and told her of its provisions. "I have
left," said he, "my horse to my par-
ents; sell it, and hand over to them
the money you receive. I leave to
you my dog; take care of him, and
he will serve you faithfully." The
wife promised to obey, and in due
time set out to the neighboring mar-
ket, with the horse and the dog.—
"How much do you want for your
horse?" inquired a farmer. "I can-
not sell the horse alone, but you may
have both at a reasonable rate. Give
me ten pounds for the dog, and five
shillings for the horse." The farmer
laughed, but as the terms were
low, he willingly accepted them.—
Then the worthy woman gave to her
husband's parents the five shillings
received for the horse, and kept the
ten pounds for herself.

"HAS THAT COOKERY-BOOK any
pictures?" said Miss C. to a book-
seller. "No, miss, none," was the
answer. "Why?" exclaimed the
young lady, "what is the use of tell-
ing us how to make a good dinner,
if they give us no plates?"

Crocodile and Snail.

The following acco-
unt of a crocodile and a snail, in Java,
is an eye witness.

It was one morning
that a small lake, fed by one
of the mountains. The water
was crystal, and every-
thing seen to the very bottom
its limbs close over this
gigantic tea-tree, and in
green leaves, a huge b
in an easy coil, taking
nap. Above him, a po
the baboon species, a le
scamps, always bent on
Now, the ape from hi
a crocodile in the wa
the top, exactly benea
the serpent. Quick
jumped upon the ena
with a splash into the
crocodile. The ape
by clinging to the limb
but a battle commen
ter. The serpent, gr
middle by the crocod
water boil by his curio
Winding his folds arou
his antagonist, he dis
hinder legs, and by hi
made the scales and
monster crack.

The water was ting
of both combatants, ve
disposed to yield. The
and over, neither being
tain a decided advanta
All this time the cau
chief was in a state of
He leaped up and dwe
of the tree, uttered
again frisked about.
Ten minutes, silence b
over the scene; the fol
pent began to be relaxe
they were trembling al
the head hung lifeless.

The crocodile was a
though only the spine
was visible, it was evi
was dead. The monke
ed himself on the low
close to the dead bodies
himself for ten minute
faced at them. This s
adding insult to injury.
companions, taking a st
at the ape. He was to
pared, and as it struck
side of the head, he inst
and fell upon the crocod
bounds, however, bring
to shore, and taking l
speedily disappeared
branches.

An exchange gives l
as the origin of the use
of the national emb
land: When the Danes fr
invaded Scotland, they at
selves of the pitch dark
to attack the Scottish for
In approaching the Scotti
observed, and matchings
to prevent their tramp b
one of the Danes trod u
prickly thistle, and the
pain which he instantly
suddenly apprised the S
danger, who immediately
arms and defeated the fo
slaughter. The thistle v
forward adopted as the
signia of Scotland.

A bill is before the
Legislature the object of
prevent the immigration
ment of free negroes in th
Also, resolutions conde
Harper's Ferry conspira
attempt to incite servile
and affirming allegiance
and the Constitution.

CATCHING FISH.—Th
curious way of catching fi
New river. The fish
down on the bank, with
the stream, holding a w
mouth. The fish attrac
spiral workings of the v
cape, jumps at it. At t
the dexterity of the fis
evinced. He suddenly
mouth and catches the
his teeth. One old ma
down there had worn a
catching fish. Fact.—Ba
Sugar.

The reported quail lo
Diego county, about whic
has been written, turns o
hoax.

THE VALLEY TAN.

WOLFE, Editor.

Feb. 15, 1860.

THE LATE EXPEDITION AGAINST THE PIT RIVER INDIANS.

The following is an abridgement of a statement published by the Red Bluff Beacon, last week:

During several years last past, extending as far back as 1851, and especially during the last five years, the entire portion of California east of the Sacramento river, and north of Butte creek, has constantly suffered from depredations of marauding Indians, who have been organized in predatory bands, and have been a constant source of injury and dread to the settlers of that country. A minute history of these depredations cannot be given within our limits; suffice it to say that the loss of life and property has been great. It has been a common thing for our citizens to hear that such a man had been waylaid upon the road, and that such a house had been attacked and burned in the night, and its inmates slaughtered—and especially during the last year, the number of whites thus killed has fearfully increased.

See the list of the year—and many more might be named: Mr. Bowles and three men; James Freeman and four men; Mr. McElroy and one man; Mr. Callaghan and two men; William Patrick and one man; Mr. Birney; Mr. McMacken and one man; Peter Lassen, Clapper and two others; two men on Payne's creek—all known citizens of this county. Twenty-five men killed in one year! besides many narrow escapes and other incidents, the particulars of which we have not at hand. In giving these details, we speak from recollection of the facts as they occurred. And the destruction of property has been very great, fields of grain and houses burned, horses and cattle run off, and property of various kinds stolen. We do not exaggerate in saying that the cash value of all losses sustained by Indian depredations in this county alone, since 1856, would exceed \$100,000. This may seem like a large estimate, but to our citizens it is known not to be extravagant.

The only through wagon road from the Sacramento valley to Yreka, and over which the most of the northern trade goes, runs through a tract known as the Pitt River Indian country. Teamsters have been compelled to go in company of numbers, to guard their freight and stock; notwithstanding which great loss of life and property occurred. Some three years ago, the California Stage Company stocked the road and ran stages from this place to Yreka. After running a short time, and suffering many losses by stealing of stock, a coach was attacked by Indians while on the downward trip, and the bravery of the driver saved his life and his team. Our readers will remember "Curly Jerry's" ride for life in 1856. This ended the stages on that route.

Last spring, in response to a petition from the inhabitants, Gen. Clark dispatched Capt. Flint with a company of troops to provide for their defence. He was instructed to capture, but not to kill the Indians. This did not suit the petitioners, and they applied to Gov. Weller for a larger authority. He issued to Gen. Kibbe the requisite instructions.

Under these orders, on the 17th of August last, the "Kibbe Rangers" were organized under the personal supervision of Gen. Kibbe, consisting of 80 volunteers, mostly residents and farmers of this county. He found that most of the depredations had been committed by a band of Indian desperadoes, numbering from sixty to eighty warriors, under the direction of a chief called "Shave-head," that they were made up from six or eight different tribes, and roamed from Butte creek on the south, to the head of Pitt river on the north, and from Honey lake and Eagle lake on the east, to the Sacramento river on the west—an extent of country 150 miles long and 100 miles wide; and had communication with and aid from all the tribes within these limits.

While Gen Kibbe was carrying on his operations in the southern part of his field of action, this marauding band of Indians went north, and, in connection with the Hat Creek and Pitt River Indians, killed Callaghan and two men, and robbed their trading post, killed McElroy and Wells, drove off a large quantity of stock, robbed a wagon which was stalled on the main wagon road to Yreka of its load of merchandise, and shot at several persons. After capturing what Indians he could find in the South, Gen. Kibbe and men immediately repaired north, and there, by his assiduity and rapidity of movements, succeeded in capturing a large number, including the chief "Shave-head"

and many of his most desperate warriors. In respect to the desperation of these warriors, we may state that our judgment of their characters, formed from seeing some of them in their native haunts during the progress of the "war," induced us to believe that they might be shot with about as much ease as gray squirrels and with as little danger to the sportsman. The Beacon continues;

In the south about 300 were captured, without the loss of a single life on either side, and sent to Mendocino Reservation, from whence there is no probability of their ever returning. In the north about 700 were captured, and two hundred killed. Of this number captured, 50 have been sent to Mendocino, and 650 are now encamped at this place, under the guard of the Kibbe Rangers, to be sent to such U. S. Reservation as will receive them; which, it is earnestly hoped, will be so far away that they may never return. The number killed is very small, considering the character of the Indians and the results which have been accomplished; and none were killed except in actual conflict, and where resistance was made.

Arrival of Two Chiriqui Explorers.

Alleged Discovery of a Second California.

Some four months ago the staunch, sharp-pointed, and fleet little schooner Nautilus, formerly in the United States revenue service, left New York for Chiriqui with William Hance, Charles G. B. Coffin, Dr. Henry Ball, and Samuel Gunther on board, whose avowed purpose was to delve among the mountains and streams of Chiriqui in search of gold. Two of these gentlemen recently returned with fabulous stories of what they had discovered. The New York Times says:

Four miles along the mountains the explorers prospected for gold. They claim to have hit upon better diggings than were ever found in California but the localities they refuse to specify. In clambering about the mountains they several times narrowly escaped tumbling over precipices. The ascent of Mount Sarah, the highest of the Cordillera range in that vicinity, came near costing Dr. Ball his life. A rock upon which he was standing suddenly gave way, and he went tumbling two hundred feet down a declivity, before he could catch hold of anything that would support his weight.

Had he fallen a few rods further he would have reached the edge of a precipice several hundred feet high, beyond which there would not have been any possible salvation for him. The view from the top of Mount Sarah, Mr. Coffin, who has ascended Mount Blanc and stood on the top of Mount Rhigi, declares it to be as fine as the finest Switzerland views. Securing abundant samples of their gold diggings, both dust and quartz, and marking privately the places to be worked in future, the explorers turned their backs upon the auriferous mountains. These samples have been sent to Washington since Messrs Coffin and Gunther's return to this city for the inspection of President Buchanan and Secretary Floyd. The section they canvassed they assert has never been explored before. Its distance from Gomez and Rugabita where the huacas are principally located, has precluded the hypothesis that the original gold was excavated so far away.

On their return the explorers took a round about course, for the purpose of seeing more of the country, visiting the huaca diggings, and additional prospecting. They made stops at Caldero, Dolago, David and Becadel Toro. At David they were entertained by the Governor of Chiriqui in generous and handsome style. They met there Mr. Pierson, agent of the Pacific Mail Company, and Mr. Johnson, who cut down the first tree on the Panama road. Mr. Thompson, of the Panama, was also there. Mr. Pierson was once with Kit Carson, and knew John Brown in Kansas. At Beca del Toro they fell in with Mr. Peter Shepard, son of the original Peter Shepard, who received a large grant of land bordering on the upper coast of Costa, from the King of the Mosquito Kingdom. Young, tall and swarthy, like a Creole, he was leading a jolly bachelor existence, attending to his shipyard and extended hacienda, the latter in a fine state of cultivation. Intelligent and appreciative, he set before them the best of liquors and segars, and gave them a ride in a canoe, just received as a present from the Mos-

THE VALLEY TAN.

From the New Orleans Crescent, Jan. 7.

LATER FROM THE RIO GRANDE.

STARTLING INTELLIGENCE.

Rio Grande City Captured and Pillaged by the Mexican Banditti.

MORE AMERICANS MURDERED.

From the Brownsville Flag of the 19th ult., we extract the following intelligence, the latter portion of which is highly important:

On Wednesday, the 24th inst., our entire regular and ranger force moved up the river in pursuit of Cortinas, who, with his whole guerilla band, it was reported, had left for Rio Grande City. On the following Thursday, the 25th, Col. S. A. Lockridge with several friends, started out to overtake our little army and tender their services in any capacity in which they might be needed.

On Monday, the 26th, a courier arrived with dispatches from Gen. Twiggs, for Maj. Heintzelman; but finding the Major had left, he started the same evening up the river. He stated that the dispatches were of great importance, and, in addition, said ten companies of the United States troops had been ordered to rendezvous at San Antonio, preparatory to marching for this place. On the morning of that day one of the rangers, John Thorp, from Gonzales, wounded accidentally after the conflict on the 14th, died at the Rangers' Hospital in this place. His wounded arm was twice amputated, but he could not be saved.

On Thursday evening, the 27th, John Graham, Esq., late sheriff of Nueces county, returned from Edinburg, which place our forces left on Sunday, the 25th. Capt. Ford left about 10 o'clock, A. M., followed by Maj. Heintzelman at noon, Capt. Tobin, with the rear guard, an hour or two later. When Cortinas was at Edinburg, he numbered three hundred and fifty men, as counted by several parties. His force was there divided into three parts: the advance, under his immediate command, was three days ahead of our troops; the second two days, and the rear about twenty hours. It is stated that dispatches reached Edinburg that Cortinas was within ten miles of Rio Grande City on Saturday, the 24th; the merchants of which place, as well as Roma, had passed their goods over the river, preferring Mexican protection to American security. Mr. Graham is of the opinion that Rio Grande City must have been reached and taken by the bandits on Christmas, quite likely followed by the fall of Roma the next day. This, however, is a matter of opinion, yet there are abundant reasons for grave apprehension. The complete demolition of these heavy commercial towns is probable, as not an American rancho near the river has escaped the incendiary torch.

Mr. Graham further states that each night, on the way to Edinburg, scouting parties of the enemy were hovering about the camps, as evidenced by their fires found in the morning. Grass being scarce along the river, and no corn to be had, the horses were weakening rapidly, and the daily marches, as a consequence, were becoming materially shorter.

At Edinburg, Cortinas entered the store of J. N. Trevino & Bro., and helped himself to two or three hundred dollars worth of goods.

On Thursday we heard that Mr. White, thinking the lower country clear, started for his rancho, up the river; but he had not gone more than twelve or fifteen miles, when he was attacked by eight Mexicans, two of whom he reports to have killed. He brought as evidence of what he says, two bullet holes, one in his saddle, the other in his overcoat, besides bloody knife and hands, and one horse. Not having conversed with Mr. White, we know not what credence to place in the tale of his hair-breadth escape and truly marvelous deeds.

In a postscript the Flag adds: Yesterday our worst fears were confirmed, by authentic information from Comrade of the taking of Rio Grande City, on the 24th inst., by Cortinas, at the head of four hundred and twenty-five men.

Every effort possible was made to get up a force to meet him, but without avail, there being at the time but thirty-armed men, who unanimously decided not to fight twelve times their own number. Whereupon several Americans, with their families, left for the Mexican side of the river.

On the 25th, Cortinas sent a force down to Ringgold Barracks, where they found and killed Mr. Robertson, Mr. Box and Capt. Spears, all of whom are highly esteemed on the Rio Grande for their sterling qualities; besides these, two others, whose names are unknown to us, were also killed.

The robberies on the 25th are said to have been done in a gentlemanly manner, but that toward the evening of that day the soldiers were getting drunk, and it was feared and believed that, not only would the town be completely sacked, but that the American families would be ruthlessly murdered.

Cortinas is reported to have declared his intention to take Roma, thence march directly to Laredo, and effect a crossing of the river.

We commend to the consideration of the Secretary of War, the taking of Rio Grande City, for "prompt action."

LATTER INTELLIGENCE.

Rumor of a Battle and Defeat of Cortinas.

Capt. F. M. White, who has just returned from the Rio Grande, whether he had gone for the purpose of joining the American forces, but arrived after they had left in pursuit of Cortinas, informs us that the people of Brownsville were beginning to feel at ease in regard to the marauders, and that just before he left Brazos intelligence was received that an action had taken place between the troops and "greasers," in which sixty of the latter were killed and nineteen of the former wounded. No further particulars were obtained. Capt. W. states that the health of Brownsville was good, and that the people were apparently on the best of terms with their neighbors of Matamoros, who strongly denounce the conduct of Cortinas.

THE VALLEY TAN.

From the New York Times, Jan. 7.

Law in Utah.

The Secretary of the Interior is in possession of evidence sufficient to convict a Mormon "Saint," named Lee, of having violated and murdered a young girl, a survivor of the party of emigrants massacred at Mountain Meadows, by his fellow-believers, a few months ago. The Mormon authorities refuse to surrender this scoundrel for trial, unless he is to be tried before a Mormon jury. And as no Mormon jury has ever yet convicted any Mormon of any outrage on a Gentile, the offer is simply made to enable him to go scot free. In these circumstances, the Secretary urges the immediate propriety of establishing martial law in the Territory, for the protection of life and property. This is precisely what we have been recommending for a year. To send judges out to hold courts which were the laughing-stock of the "Saints," and by which no Mormon criminal was ever finally brought to justice,—courts, the process of which was treated with contempt in every part of the Territory outside the camp of the United States Army, was, to say the least, a very grave error. There is nothing more prejudicial to the cause of good order and good government than the exposure of the law and its ministers, for never so short a period, to ridicule. The temporary anarchy of Lynch law does less injury to society than the spectacle of a judge mocked and defied by a rabble. If from the moment the U. S. States troops set foot in Utah, martial law had been maintained, and crime had been punished by drum-head courts-martial, not only would a tide of Gentile emigration have been directed into the valley, but the Mormon mind would have been thoroughly impressed with a vivid sense of the reality of the common law and the acts of Congress. By this time a United States Judge would have been enabled to take his seat in full assurance that he would be respected and obeyed, and we should have had a Christian public growing up in the Territory strong enough to render our further interference in its affairs unnecessary.

The course that has been pursued has, on the contrary, convinced the Mormons of our impotence, rendered the Californian emigrant routes insecure, driven away settlers from the Utah Territory, confirmed the Mormons in their insolence and bigotry, and the Gentile population by permitting the most crimes against them to go unpunished. Common justice, common humanity, and respect for our good name, demand that this state of things should now be put an end to, at whatever cost. We owe it to the Mormons themselves, to the hordes of recruits who are flocking to them every month from all parts of the world, as well as to all citizens of the United States everywhere, to see that there is no portion of our territory in which a peaceful settler may not till his fields and reap his harvests in peace and confidence. We have given the civil law a fair, or rather a grossly unfair, trial in Utah. We have not only tried it long enough, but too long.—It has failed to accomplish its objects, which are protection of life and property, and the punishment and prevention of crime. The remedy in such cases—and, let us add, the constitutional remedy—is direct martial law. When the courts and police become powerless, it is the duty of every government to try what the army can do to supply their place, and prepare the way for the restoration of legal authority. There has never been a clearer case made out for the proclamation of martial law than the Mormons have made out for us in Utah, and we do most earnestly urge upon the General Government to follow the advice of the Secretary of the Interior, and proclaim it. Put the army in possession of the country. Bring home the insulted judges, the useless sheriffs, the despised marshals. When a murder or robbery is committed, instead of negotiating the terms of a trial with the Mormon hierarchy, as we might with Turkey or Japan, follow the perpetrator with as much force as shall be necessary to take him, and when taken, try him before a board of officers, calmly, deliberately, and fairly, and when convicted, punish him instantly. When a crime has been committed, of which the

Mormons in the vicinity are plainly cognizant, and the criminal cannot be found, go back to Norman Williams' law—lay a fine on the whole district, and collect it at the point of the bayonet.

Such a course in this case would be something very unusual in this country, but the whole state of affairs in Utah is very unusual and utterly intolerable. The Mormons are an unprecedented fact in our history, and to persist in dealing with them on a measure of government to which we have been in the habit of referring to peaceful Christian people, is very like offering hay and oats to a tiger. The result of the policy now proposed would certainly be one which the whole nation would half with delight. A few Mormon leaders and murderers, it is true, would be bereft of the trial by jury, and would find the Bill of Rights nullified in their case; but dozens of honest men would have their throats saved from the assassin's knife, and dozens of helpless women would escape rape and massacre. Caravans of peaceful emigrants would travel the high roads and labor on their farms in confidence and security. Moreover, in two or three years, Gentile would settle in the Valley in sufficiently large numbers to insure their own safety, and when we withdrew our forces at last, we should leave our judges and marshals in the hands of citizens who would see that their persons were held sacred and their authority respected.

The case now presented by the Secretary of the Interior affords a very curious commentary upon the terms in which his colleague, the Secretary at War, alludes to this standing scandal and disgrace upon the American name. Mr. Fuller admits the utter prostration of every safeguard of civil and personal rights in Utah. Nothing could be stronger than his language. He says:

"I am satisfied that the presence of right and justice, through the operation of any jurisprudence known or recognized by the people of the United States, is impossible in that territory. It is, in fact, practically, by a system which is a disregard of the laws or Constitution of the land. The laws of the United States and the will of the hierarchy alone potential there. Beyond an outward show of acquiescence in the authority, they are as irresponsible as any foreign nation."

These are words which no American citizen who respects himself, and the honor of his country can read without a tingling blush of shame and indignation. They tell us, and tell the world, that there is a region fixed in the heart of this great Republic, in which the life of every man and the virtue of every man lie at the mercy of a vulgar, irresponsible inquisition; in which the American flag floats over the humiliation of American law; in which officers bearing the commission of the United States look on, idle, impotent witnesses, upon the systematic desecration of American blood.

And what is the inference drawn from such premises as these? The Secretary goes on, with the most grace imaginable, to say that, in his opinion, and because of that state of things—

"There is, in the present attitude of affairs, scarcely any necessity for the presence of troops in Utah, and they will be otherwise disposed of in the coming season. There are no complaints of difficulties towards the Mormon people. All other Territories and portions upon our vast frontiers suffer from depredations, but the Mormon people enjoy an immunity from all other ravages. For the protection of these people against Indians, there is no necessity for the presence of a single soldier. Murders and robberies of the most atrocious character have been perpetrated in the Territory upon emigrants from the States journeying towards the Pacific, and in some of the most shocking instances by white men disguised as Indians. The general impression, so far as I am able to ascertain it, amongst the people themselves, sanctioned, if not rectified, by the authority of the Mormon Church."

In plain English, that is the Secretary of War of the United States recommends that the task of governing the Mormons into decency and civilization be abandoned by the American Government to the wild tribes of the West. He would have us withdraw our troops, and leave the aboriginal savages at full liberty to attempt what we have not strength to achieve, and solve the problem of Utah on the principle of internecine warfare waged by Kilkenny cats. The Mormons, whom we have extended our authority, and whose delegate sits in the Legislative Assembly at Washington, have refused to pay the least respect to our laws; they murder our women and murder our children; they make our national highest unsafe as the sands of the An-

THE VALLEY TAN.

From the New York Times, Jan. 7.

Law in Utah.

The Secretary of the Interior is in possession of evidence sufficient to convict a Mormon "Saint," named Lee, of having violated and murdered a young girl, a survivor of the party of emigrants massacred at Mountain Meadows, by his fellow-believers, a few months ago. The Mormon authorities refuse to surrender this scoundrel for trial, unless he is to be tried before a Mormon jury. And as no Mormon jury has ever yet convicted any Mormon of any outrage on a Gentile, the offer is simply made to enable him to go scot free. In these circumstances, the Secretary urges the immediate propriety of establishing martial law in the Territory, for the protection of life and property. This is precisely what we have been recommending for a year. To send judges out to hold courts which were the laughing-stock of the "Saints," and by which no Mormon criminal was ever finally brought to justice,—courts, the process of which was treated with contempt in every part of the Territory outside the camp of the United States Army, was, to say the least, a very grave error. There is nothing more prejudicial to the cause of good order and good government than the exposure of the law and its ministers, for never so short a period, to ridicule. The temporary anarchy of Lynch law does less injury to society than the spectacle of a judge mocked and defied by a rabble. If from the moment the U. S. States troops set foot in Utah, martial law had been maintained, and crime had been punished by drum-head courts-martial, not only would a tide of Gentile emigration have been directed into the valley, but the Mormon mind would have been thoroughly impressed with a vivid sense of the reality of the common law and the acts of Congress. By this time a United States Judge would have been enabled to take his seat in full assurance that he would be respected and obeyed, and we should have had a Christian public growing up in the Territory strong enough to render our further interference in its affairs unnecessary.

The course that has been pursued has, on the contrary, convinced the Mormons of our impotence, rendered the Californian emigrant routes insecure, driven away settlers from the Utah Territory, confirmed the Mormons in their insolence and bigotry, and the Gentile population by permitting the most crimes against them to go unpunished. Common justice, common humanity, and respect for our good name, demand that this state of things should now be put an end to, at whatever cost. We owe it to the Mormons themselves, to the hordes of recruits who are flocking to them every month from all parts of the world, as well as to all citizens of the United States everywhere, to see that there is no portion of our territory in which a peaceful settler may not till his fields and reap his harvests in peace and confidence. We have given the civil law a fair, or rather a grossly unfair, trial in Utah. We have not only tried it long enough, but too long.—It has failed to accomplish its objects, which are protection of life and property, and the punishment and prevention of crime. The remedy in such cases—and, let us add, the constitutional remedy—is direct martial law. When the courts and police become powerless, it is the duty of every government to try what the army can do to supply their place, and prepare the way for the restoration of legal authority. There has never been a clearer case made out for the proclamation of martial law than the Mormons have made out for us in Utah, and we do most earnestly urge upon the General Government to follow the advice of the Secretary of the Interior, and proclaim it. Put the army in possession of the country. Bring home the insulted judges, the useless sheriffs, the despised marshals. When a murder or robbery is committed, instead of negotiating the terms of a trial with the Mormon hierarchy, as we might with Turkey or Japan, follow the perpetrator with as much force as shall be necessary to take him, and when taken, try him before a board of officers, calmly, deliberately, and fairly, and when convicted, punish him instantly. When a crime has been committed, of which the

Mormons in the vicinity are plainly cognizant, and the criminal cannot be found, go back to Norman Williams' law—lay a fine on the whole district, and collect it at the point of the bayonet.

Such a course in this case would be something very unusual in this country, but the whole state of affairs in Utah is very unusual and utterly intolerable. The Mormons are an unprecedented fact in our history, and to persist in dealing with them on a measure of government to which we have been in the habit of referring to peaceful Christian people, is very like offering hay and oats to a tiger. The result of the policy now proposed would certainly be one which the whole nation would half with delight. A few Mormon leaders and murderers, it is true, would be bereft of the trial by jury, and would find the Bill of Rights nullified in their case; but dozens of honest men would have their throats saved from the assassin's knife, and dozens of helpless women would escape rape and massacre. Caravans of peaceful emigrants would travel the high roads and labor on their farms in confidence and security. Moreover, in two or three years, Gentile would settle in the Valley in sufficiently large numbers to insure their own safety, and when we withdrew our forces at last, we should leave our judges and marshals in the hands of citizens who would see that their persons were held sacred and their authority respected.

The case now presented by the Secretary of the Interior affords a very curious commentary upon the terms in which his colleague, the Secretary at War, alludes to this standing scandal and disgrace upon the American name. Mr. Fuller admits the utter prostration of every safeguard of civil and personal rights in Utah. Nothing could be stronger than his language. He says:

"I am satisfied that the presence of right and justice, through the operation of any jurisprudence known or recognized by the people of the United States, is impossible in that territory. It is, in fact, practically, by a system which is a disregard of the laws or Constitution of the land. The laws of the United States and the will of the hierarchy alone potential there. Beyond an outward show of acquiescence in the authority, they are as irresponsible as any foreign nation."

These are words which no American citizen who respects himself, and the honor of his country can read without a tingling blush of shame and indignation. They tell us, and tell the world, that there is a region fixed in the heart of this great Republic, in which the life of every man and the virtue of every man lie at the mercy of a vulgar, irresponsible inquisition; in which the American flag floats over the humiliation of American law; in which officers bearing the commission of the United States look on, idle, impotent witnesses, upon the systematic desecration of American blood.

And what is the inference drawn from such premises as these? The Secretary goes on, with the most grace imaginable, to say that, in his opinion, and because of that state of things—

"There is, in the present attitude of affairs, scarcely any necessity for the presence of troops in Utah, and they will be otherwise disposed of in the coming season. There are no complaints of difficulties towards the Mormon people. All other Territories and portions upon our vast frontiers suffer from depredations, but the Mormon people enjoy an immunity from all other ravages. For the protection of these people against Indians, there is no necessity for the presence of a single soldier. Murders and robberies of the most atrocious character have been perpetrated in the Territory upon emigrants from the States journeying towards the Pacific, and in some of the most shocking instances by white men disguised as Indians. The general impression, so far as I am able to ascertain it, amongst the people themselves, sanctioned, if not rectified, by the authority of the Mormon Church."

In plain English, that is the Secretary of War of the United States recommends that the task of governing the Mormons into decency and civilization be abandoned by the American Government to the wild tribes of the West. He would have us withdraw our troops, and leave the aboriginal savages at full liberty to attempt what we have not strength to achieve, and solve the problem of Utah on the principle of internecine warfare waged by Kilkenny cats. The Mormons, whom we have extended our authority, and whose delegate sits in the Legislative Assembly at Washington, have refused to pay the least respect to our laws; they murder our women and murder our children; they make our national highest unsafe as the sands of the An-

THE VALLEY TAN.

From the New York Times, Jan. 7.

Law in Utah.

The Secretary of the Interior is in possession of evidence sufficient to convict a Mormon "Saint," named Lee, of having violated and murdered a young girl, a survivor of the party of emigrants massacred at Mountain Meadows, by his fellow-believers, a few months ago. The Mormon authorities refuse to surrender this scoundrel for trial, unless he is to be tried before a Mormon jury. And as no Mormon jury has ever yet convicted any Mormon of any outrage on a Gentile, the offer is simply made to enable him to go scot free. In these circumstances, the Secretary urges the immediate propriety of establishing martial law in the Territory, for the protection of life and property. This is precisely what we have been recommending for a year. To send judges out to hold courts which were the laughing-stock of the "Saints," and by which no Mormon criminal was ever finally brought to justice,—courts, the process of which was treated with contempt in every part of the Territory outside the camp of the United States Army, was, to say the least, a very grave error. There is nothing more prejudicial to the cause of good order and good government than the exposure of the law and its ministers, for never so short a period, to ridicule. The temporary anarchy of Lynch law does less injury to society than the spectacle of a judge mocked and defied by a rabble. If from the moment the U. S. States troops set foot in Utah, martial law had been maintained, and crime had been punished by drum-head courts-martial, not only would a tide of Gentile emigration have been directed into the valley, but the Mormon mind would have been thoroughly impressed with a vivid sense of the reality of the common law and the acts of Congress. By this time a United States Judge would have been enabled to take his seat in full assurance that he would be respected and obeyed, and we should have had a Christian public growing up in the Territory strong enough to render our further interference in its affairs unnecessary.

The course that has been pursued has, on the contrary, convinced the Mormons of our impotence, rendered the Californian emigrant routes insecure, driven away settlers from the Utah Territory, confirmed the Mormons in their insolence and bigotry, and the Gentile population by permitting the most crimes against them to go unpunished. Common justice, common humanity, and respect for our good name, demand that this state of things should now be put an end to, at whatever cost. We owe it to the Mormons themselves, to the hordes of recruits who are flocking to them every month from all parts of the world, as well as to all citizens of the United States everywhere, to see that there is no portion of our territory in which a peaceful settler may not till his fields and reap his harvests in peace and confidence. We have given the civil law a fair, or rather a grossly unfair, trial in Utah. We have not only tried it long enough, but too long.—It has failed to accomplish its objects, which are protection of life and property, and the punishment and prevention of crime. The remedy in such cases—and, let us add, the constitutional remedy—is direct martial law. When the courts and police become powerless, it is the duty of every government to try what the army can do to supply their place, and prepare the way for the restoration of legal authority. There has never been a clearer case made out for the proclamation of martial law than the Mormons have made out for us in Utah, and we do most earnestly urge upon the General Government to follow the advice of the Secretary of the Interior, and proclaim it. Put the army in possession of the country. Bring home the insulted judges, the useless sheriffs, the despised marshals. When a murder or robbery is committed, instead of negotiating the terms of a trial with the Mormon hierarchy, as we might with Turkey or Japan, follow the perpetrator with as much force as shall be necessary to take him, and when taken, try him before a board of officers, calmly, deliberately, and fairly, and when convicted, punish him instantly. When a crime has been committed, of which the

Mormons in the vicinity are plainly cognizant, and the criminal cannot be found, go back to Norman Williams' law—lay a fine on the whole district, and collect it at the point of the bayonet.

Such a course in this case would be something very unusual in this country, but the whole state of affairs in Utah is very unusual and utterly intolerable. The Mormons are an unprecedented fact in our history, and to persist in dealing with them on a measure of government to which we have been in the habit of referring to peaceful Christian people, is very like offering hay and oats to a tiger. The result of the policy now proposed would certainly be one which the whole nation would half with delight. A few Mormon leaders and murderers, it is true, would be bereft of the trial by jury, and would find the Bill of Rights nullified in their case; but dozens of honest men would have their throats saved from the assassin's knife, and dozens of helpless women would escape rape and massacre. Caravans of peaceful emigrants would travel the high roads and labor on their farms in confidence and security. Moreover, in two or three years, Gentile would settle in the Valley in sufficiently large numbers to insure their own safety, and when we withdrew our forces at last, we should leave our judges and marshals in the hands of citizens who would see that their persons were held sacred and their authority respected.

The case now presented by the Secretary of the Interior affords a very curious commentary upon the terms in which his colleague, the Secretary at War, alludes to this standing scandal and disgrace upon the American name. Mr. Fuller admits the utter prostration of every safeguard of civil and personal rights in Utah. Nothing could be stronger than his language. He says:

"I am satisfied that the presence of right and justice, through the operation of any jurisprudence known or recognized by the people of the United States, is impossible in that territory. It is, in fact, practically, by a system which is a disregard of the laws or Constitution of the land. The laws of the United States and the will of the hierarchy alone potential there. Beyond an outward show of acquiescence in the authority, they are as irresponsible as any foreign nation."

These are words which no American citizen who respects himself, and the honor of his country can read without a tingling blush of shame and indignation. They tell us, and tell the world, that there is a region fixed in the heart of this great Republic, in which the life of every man and the virtue of every man lie at the mercy of a vulgar, irresponsible inquisition; in which the American flag floats over the humiliation of American law; in which officers bearing the commission of the United States look on, idle, impotent witnesses, upon the systematic desecration of American blood.

And what is the inference drawn from such premises as these? The Secretary goes on, with the most grace imaginable, to say that, in his opinion, and because of that state of things—

"There is, in the present attitude of affairs, scarcely any necessity for the presence of troops in Utah, and they will be otherwise disposed of in the coming season. There are no complaints of difficulties towards the Mormon people. All other Territories and portions upon our vast frontiers suffer from depredations, but the Mormon people enjoy an immunity from all other ravages. For the protection of these people against Indians, there is no necessity for the presence of a single soldier. Murders and robberies of the most atrocious character have been perpetrated in the Territory upon emigrants from the States journeying towards the Pacific, and in some of the most shocking instances by white men disguised as Indians. The general impression, so far as I am able to ascertain it, amongst the people themselves, sanctioned, if not rectified, by the authority of the Mormon Church."

In plain English, that is the Secretary of War of the United States recommends that the task of governing the Mormons into decency and civilization be abandoned by the American Government to the wild tribes of the West. He would have us withdraw our troops, and leave the aboriginal savages at full liberty to attempt what we have not strength to achieve, and solve the problem of Utah on the principle of internecine warfare waged by Kilkenny cats. The Mormons, whom we have extended our authority, and whose delegate sits in the Legislative Assembly at Washington, have refused to pay the least respect to our laws; they murder our women and murder our children; they make our national highest unsafe as the sands of the An-

THE VALLEY TAN.

From the New York Times, Jan. 7.

Law in Utah.

The Secretary of the Interior is in possession of evidence sufficient to convict a Mormon "Saint," named Lee, of having violated and murdered a young girl, a survivor of the party of emigrants massacred at Mountain Meadows, by his fellow-believers, a few months ago. The Mormon authorities refuse to surrender this scoundrel for trial, unless he is to be tried before a Mormon jury. And as no Mormon jury has ever yet convicted any Mormon of any outrage on a Gentile, the offer is simply made to enable him to go scot free. In these circumstances, the Secretary urges the immediate propriety of establishing martial law in the Territory, for the protection of life and property. This is precisely what we have been recommending for a year. To send judges out to hold courts which were the laughing-stock of the "Saints," and by which no Mormon criminal was ever finally brought to justice,—courts, the process of which was treated with contempt in every part of the Territory outside the camp of the United States Army, was, to say the least, a very grave error. There is nothing more prejudicial to the cause of good order and good government than the exposure of the law and its ministers, for never so short a period, to ridicule. The temporary anarchy of Lynch law does less injury to society than the spectacle of a judge mocked and defied by a rabble. If from the moment the U. S. States troops set foot in Utah, martial law had been maintained, and crime had been punished by drum-head courts-martial, not only would a tide of Gentile emigration have been directed into the valley, but the Mormon mind would have been thoroughly impressed with a vivid sense of the reality of the common law and the acts of Congress. By this time a United States Judge would have been enabled to take his seat in full assurance that he would be respected and obeyed, and we should have had a Christian public growing up in the Territory strong enough to render our further interference in its affairs unnecessary.

The course that has been pursued has, on the contrary, convinced the Mormons of our impotence, rendered the Californian emigrant routes insecure, driven away settlers from the Utah Territory, confirmed the Mormons in their insolence and bigotry, and the Gentile population by permitting the most crimes against them to go unpunished. Common justice, common humanity, and respect for our good name, demand that this state of things should now be put an end to, at whatever cost. We owe it to the Mormons themselves, to the hordes of recruits who are flocking to them every month from all parts of the world, as well as to all citizens of the United States everywhere, to see that there is no portion of our territory in which a peaceful settler may not till his fields and reap his harvests in peace and confidence. We have given the civil law a fair, or rather a grossly unfair, trial in Utah. We have not only tried it long enough, but too long.—It has failed to accomplish its objects, which are protection of life and property, and the punishment and prevention of crime. The remedy in such cases—and, let us add, the constitutional remedy—is direct martial law. When the courts and police become powerless, it is the duty of every government to try what the army

in the vicinity are plainly
at, and the criminal cannot
go back to Norman Wil-
lay a fine on the whole
and collect it at the point of

a course as this would be
very unusual in this coun-
the whole state of affairs in
very unusual and utterly in-
The Mormons are an
dent fact in our history,
erist in dealing out the am-
of government to them as
been in the habit of affor-
able Christian people, is
offering hay and oats to a
The result of the policy now
would certainly be one
the whole nation would half
light. A few Mormon rob-
murderers, it is true, would
of the trial by jury, and
and the Bill of Rights nullify
their case; but dozens of honest
old have their throats saved
assassin's knife, and dozens
ess women would escape rape
sacre. Caravans of peacea-
rants would travel the high-
d labor on their farms in con-
and security. Moreover, in
three years, g enties would
the Valley in sufficiently
umbers to insure their own
and when we withdrew our
last, we should leave our
and marshals in the hands of
who would see that their per-
re held sacred and their
y respected.

case now presented by the
y of the Interior affords a
ious commentary upon the
in which his colleague, the
y at War, alludes to this
scandal and disgrace upon
merican name. Mr. Floyd
the utter prostration of every
rd of civil and personal right
Nothing could be stronger
language. He says:

satisfied that the preservation
and justice, through the man-
isprudence known of recognized
people of the United States, is
able in that territory. It is po-
tically, by a system which is in
d of the laws or Constitution of
d. The laws of the Mormon
and the will of the hierarchy are
tentative there. Beyond a
show of acquiescence in Fed-
y, they are as irresponsible to a
foreign nation."

are words which no Amer-
can who respects himself or
of his country can read with-
gling blush of shame and
ation. They tell us, and they
world, that there is a fast
fixed in the heart of this
public, in which the life of
n and the virtue of every
at the mercy of a vulgar
assible inquisition; in which
can flag floats over the op-
ation of American law, in which
bearing the commission
ated States look on, idle and
at witnesses, upon the ap-
ecration of American honor,
what is the inference which
unctionary of the Government
from such premises as these
secretary goes on, with the en-
e imaginable, to say that, in
son, and because of this statu-

is, in the present attitude
scarcely any necessity for
of troops in Utah, and they
wise disposed of in the coming
There are no complaints of
ilities towards the Mormon peo-
all other Territories and peo-
vast frontiers suffer from
predations, but the Mormon
an immunity from all other
For the protection of these peo-
present Indians, there is no necessity
presence of a single soldier,
and robberies of the most atro-
character have been perpetrated
trudely upon emigrants from the
journeying towards the Pacific,
one of the most shocking instanc-
white men disguised as Indians,
eral impression, so far as I have
le to ascertain it, amongst those
portunity to know, is that there
are the work of the Mormons
themselves, sanctioned, if not
by the authority of the Govern-

tain English, that is, the Se-
of War of the United States
tends to the task of coercing
ormons into decency and civi-
be abandoned by the Amer-
government to the wild Indian
West. He would have
aw our troops, and leave
not what we have not
th to achieve, and solve
of Utah on the principle
ecine warfare waged by
any cats. The Mormons, cry-
we have extended our au-
d whose delegate sits in
ative Assembly at Wash-
are refused to pay the duty
spect to our laws; they out-
women and murder our
make our national high-
e as the sands of the Ara-

sert;—and therefore we had bet-
turn the Indians loose upon them,
surrender the Territory of Utah to
these two hordes of barbarians, fold
our arms quietly, and await the re-

We doubt whether a more extra-
ordinary application of the doctrine
of *laissez-faire* than this is to be
found in the history of civilized na-
tions; and although it is always, of
course, to be regretted that two mem-
bers of one Government should be
arrayed in open contradiction,
with the other, on a question of
practical policy, we think the people
of the United States will rejoice ex-
ceedingly that the secretary of the In-
terior should have rescued us from
the ignominy of acquiescing in such a
commendation, even at the price
of imperiling the apparent harmony
of Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet.

From the Journal of Commerce.

Southern Literature.

It is but justice to the brotherhood
of letters in the United States to say
that our literature is not sectional,
and that the South has actually fur-
nished a larger share of interest-
ing and important books than the
North. We know that this may
seem strange to the croakers who
ever harping upon the literary
barrenness of the South, yet it is
nevertheless true that some not only
of the most able, but of the most re-
munerative books published in the
United States have been, and are, by
Southern authors. During the past
year there has been no biography on
either side of the water which sur-
passes in ability, dignity, and in clas-
sic style, the interesting 'Life and
Times of James Madison,' by Hon.
Wm. C. Rives, of Virginia. Nei-
ther in England nor in France, from
a number of volumes of field sport,
in Europe, India and Africa, do we
find a more rare, graphic, and inter-
esting book than 'Carolina Sports,'
Hon. Wm. Elliott, of South Caroli-
na—just issued by Derby & Jackson.
His style is so cheerful, and his Eng-
lish so pure, that it is a positive plea-
sure to read his sparkling pages.

In the domain of fiction we are in-
formed that of 'Grace Trueman, or
Love and Principle,' (published by
Sheldon & Co. and written by Mr.
Ford, of Kentucky,) more than 30,
000 copies have been sold in a few
months; and that the 'Hidden Path'
and 'Moss Side,' by Marion Harland,
of Richmond, Va., and published by
Derby & Jackson, have had an ag-
gregate sale of 75,000 copies; 'Beulah'
(Derby & Jackson,) by Augusta J.
Evans, of Mobile, has passed thro'
fifteen editions in three months, and
the demand is by no means exhaust-
ed. 'Mustang grey' (we believe by
Appletons,) written by Hon. Jere.
Clemens, of Alabama, has also had
an immense sale. Then there is
that veteran in the literary world,
William Gilmore Sims, who has not
only written some of our most popu-
lar works of fiction, but has lately en-
riched his native State with his valu-
able history of South Carolina (Red-
field.)

In works of Theology, Intellectual
Philosophy, &c., &c., the South is
not behind. Dr. Fuller's 'Sermons'
(Sheldon & Co.) are the characteris-
tic and eloquent Christian produc-
tions of the former pastor of Beau-
fort, S. C., who discussed with Dr.
Wayland the question of slavery.—
Dr. Fuller's sphere of usefulness
has been greatly enlarged by his re-
moval to Baltimore, and these Ser-
mons are the fruits of his labor there.
Professor Hoge, now of this city, but
formerly of Richmond, has furnished
Sheldon & Co. 'Blind Bartimeous.'
And the same house publishes the
'Christian Paradoxes,' by Dr. Craw-
ford, of Mercer University, Georgia;
'Moral Science,' by Dr. Dagg, for-
mer President of Mercer University,
'Pictures from an Ancient Artist,' by
Prof. H. H. Tucker, of Georgia—
and many kindred volumes.

In books for children the 'Oakland
Stories,' by George B. Taylor, of
Richmond, Va.—just from the press
of Sheldon & Co.—is not only hav-
ing a most extensive sale in the
Southern and Middle States, but
from the extreme North the orders
show what is the appreciation of the
book there. We were indeed struck
with the criticism of the most widely
circulated Boston paper, which, tho'
devoted to Republicanism, had the
frankness to assert that the 'Oakland
Stories' were far superior to a simi-
lar series of a popular Northern
writer.

We might multiply examples, but
we will state that on inquiring at on-
ly two of the New York publishers
(Sheldon & Co. and Derby & Jack-
son,) we find that within a few
months they have issued, the one, fif-
teen different publications, and the

other seventeen, all written by South-
ern authors, representing Louisiana,
Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina,
Virginia, and Kentucky.

Harper & Bros., Appletons, Dix
& Edwards, Scribner—indeed, all
our leading publishers—have a good-
ly list, showing that the constant as-
sertion in certain quarters that the
South has no literature is not only
unfounded, but that the South actu-
ally furnished a large proportion of
reading matter for the North.

Execution of Col. Hayne.

Among the distinguished men
that fell victims during the war of
the American Revolution, was Col.
Isaac Hayne, of South Carolina; a
man, who, by amiability of charac-
ter and high sentiments of honor
and uprightness, had secured the
good will and affection of all who
knew him. He had a wife and six
children, the oldest a boy of thirteen
years. His wife, to whom he was
tenderly attached, fell a victim to
disease; an event hastened, probably
by the inconveniences and sufferings
incident to a state of war, in which
the whole family largely participated.
Col. Hayne himself was taken pris-
oner by the British forces, and in a
short time was executed on the gal-
lows, under circumstances calculated
to excite the deepest commiseration.
A great number of persons, both
English and American, interceded
for his life. The ladies of Charles-
ton signed a petition in his behalf;
his motherless children were present-
ed to their benighted knees as humble
suitors for their father; but all in
vain.

During the imprisonment of the
father the eldest son was permitted to
stay with him in prison. Beholding
his only surviving parent, for whom
he felt the deepest affection, loaded
with chains and condemned to die, he
was overwhelmed with consternation
and sorrow. The wretched father
endeavored to console him by re-
minding him that the unavailing
grief of the son tended only to in-
crease his own misery; that we
came into this world merely to die,
and he could even rejoice that his
troubles were so near an end. "To-
morrow," said he, "I set out for im-
mortality. You will accompany me
to the place of execution; and when
I am dead, take me and bury me by
the side of your mother." The youth
fell here on his father's neck, crying:
"Oh, my father! my father! I will
die with you!" Col. Hayne, as he
was loaded with irons, could not re-
turn the embrace of his son, but
merely said to him in reply: 'Live,
my son—live to honor God by a good
life, live to serve your country, live
to take care of your brother and lit-
tle sisters.' The next morning Col.
Hayne was conducted to the place of
execution.

His son accompanied him. Soon
as they came in sight of the gallows,
the father strengthened himself, and
said: "Now, my son, show yourself
a man! That tree is the boundary
of my life, and my life's sorrows.—
Beyond that the wicked cease to
trouble and the weary are at rest.
Don't lay too much to heart our sepa-
ration; it will be but short. To-day
I die; and you, my son, though but
young, must shortly follow me."—
"Yes, father," replied the broken
hearted youth, "I shall shortly fol-
low you. For, indeed, I feel that I
can't live long." And his melan-
choly anticipation was fulfilled in a
manner more dreadful than is impli-
ed in the mere extinction, and then
struggling in the halter, he stood
like one transfixed and motionless
with horror. Till then he had wept
incessantly; but soon as he saw that
sight, the fountains of his tears were
stanchied, and he never wept more.
He died insane, and in his last mo-
ments often called upon his father in
terms that brought tears from the
hardest heart.

LATEST FROM PIKE'S PEAK.—
LEAVENWORTH JAN. 5.—The Pike's
Peak Express, which left Denver
City December 28th has arrived
here, bringing \$15,000 in gold dust.

Much dissatisfaction existed with
regard to the provisional government
recently organized, and it was gen-
erally regarded as a failure. At-
tempts to collect the taxes levied by
the Legislature were unsuccessful in
the mining districts, and a general
want of confidence in the adequate
power and protection of the govern-
ment was felt. The people look to
a speedy organization of the Territo-
ry by Congress as indispensable.

Mining continued on a limited
scale during the intervals of warm
weather.

Building was progressing rapidly
in Denver City, but there was a
great scarcity of material.

From the Hartford Times, Dec. 25. A Home-sick Englishman Cutting his Throat.

A shocking tragedy occurred on Sun-
day morning at the New England House,
92 Front street. At that place, shortly
before 10 o'clock, Mr. Henry Asher, an
Englishman, a cigar maker by trade,
while laboring under a fit of desponden-
cy and home-sickness, cut his throat with
a razor, nearly severing his head from
his body, and inflicting a dreadful wound,
from which he died in about three min-
utes.

Mr. Asher was a young man, only
twenty-five years of age. He had been
employed by Neland Loomis, in Suffolk,
at his trade of making cigars; but from
a feeling of lonesomeness, home-sickness
and despondency, he left his place in
Suffolk and came to this city for work.
His dejection had induced his brother,
Benjamin Asher, to take him for a change
of scene to New York for a few days;
and they started accordingly on Satur-
day afternoon, but Henry insisted on
stopping in this city over Sunday; so
they left the cars at the Asylum street
station and went to the New England
House, where they stayed over night.

On arriving at the hotel the brothers
met an old acquaintance from England,
and the conversation had with him pro-
duced in the mind of young Asher, a still
more despondent and home-sick feeling,
and he shed tears while expressing a de-
sire to go back to England to see his
mother. The next morning his melan-
choly again manifested itself by crying
and renewed wishes to go home. His
brother sang to him some cheery old
English songs, and endeavored to cheer
him by every means in his power, and
seemed partially to succeed. Not long
after 9 o'clock he went down stairs, leav-
ing Henry alone in the bed room. Soon
after the friend of the brothers from Eng-
land, Michael Leverett, came to the house
to get Henry to take a walk with him.
Leverett went up to Henry's room, found
him alone, in a very melancholy state of
mind, and feeling as if he were alone in
the world and every body "down" on
him. Leverett soon after left him and
went down stairs, where he took a seat.
In about two minutes Henry came run-
ning down with his throat cut. He
threw himself into his (Leverett's) lap,
and died in less than a minute. He had
stood before a looking glass and cut his
neck to the spinal column. He then
dropped the razor and came down two
flights of stairs. Dr. Elsworth thinks he
probably cut but one of the carotid ar-
teries.

Coroner Holmes held an inquest, and
the jury returned a verdict of suicide
while laboring under temporary insanity.
The body was buried yesterday in the
Zion's Hill Jewish burial ground. The
members of the coroner's jury gave \$1
each for defraying the funeral expenses,
as the deceased had no money.

The following amusing anecdote
is told of John Jacob Astor, in the
double character of a patron of litera-
ture and parsimonious money-ho-
lder, which appears to be exceedingly
characteristic:

Among the subscribers to Audu-
bon's magnificent work on ornitholo-
gy, the price of which was \$1,000
per copy, appeared the name of John
Jacob Astor. During the progress
of the work, the prosecution of which
was exceedingly expensive, Mr.
Audubon of course called upon sev-
eral of his subscribers for payments.
It so happened that Mr. Astor (prob-
ably that he might not be troubled
about small matters) was not applied
to before the delivery of all the letter-
press and plates. Then, however,
Audubon asked for his thousand dol-
lars; but he was put off with one
excuse or another. 'Ah, Mr. Audu-
bon,' would the owner of millions
observe, 'you come at a bad time;
money is very scarce; I have nothing
in bank; I have invested all my funds.'
At length, the sixth time, Audubon
called upon Astor for his thousand
dollars. As he was ushered into his
presence he found Wm. B. Astor,
the son, conversing with the father.
No sooner did the rich man see the
man of art, than he began, 'Ah,
Mr. Audubon, so you have come
again after your money. Hard times
Mr. Audubon, money very scarce.'
But just then catching an inquiring
look from his son, he changed his
tone: 'However, Mr. Audubon, I
suppose we must let you have some
of your money if possible. William
he added, calling to his son, who
had walked into an adjoining parlor,
'have we any money at all in the
bank?' Yes, father, replied the son,
supposing he was asked an earnest
question pertinent to what they had
been talking about when the orni-
thologist came in, 'we have \$22,000
in the Bank of New York \$70,000
in the Merchants', \$98,400 in the
Mechanics', \$83,000—' 'That'll
do, that'll do,' exclaimed John Jacob
interrupting him. 'It seems that
William can give you a check for
your money.'—[Commercial Bulle-
tin.]

A bill has been introduced into
the Nebraska Legislature, which pro-
vides for an election of delegates to
a convention for forming a constitu-
tion. It provides that the constitution
so formed shall be submitted to the
popular vote on the 22d of Februa-
ry. On the first Monday in May, if
the people adopt it, State officers are
to be elected under it.

TOUCHING GLASSES IN DRINK-
ING.—A writer in the Historical
Magazine for November, thus at-
tempts to explain the origin of the
habit of touching glasses in drink-
ing:

One branch of my ancestry was
Scotch, and devoted adherents to
Charles Stuart. While a boy, my
father possessed a heavy cut-and-
thrust basket hilted sword, which one
of the Richardson family, my father's
maternal ancestor, had used at
Culloden. From him this tradition
descended to the family as to touch-
ing glasses in drinking.

When, after the failure of the ex-
pedition of the so-called Pretender,
Prince Charles, in 1715, that Prince
crossed to France, his supporters
were beset with spies on every hand;
and it frequently happened that they
were placed in situations when they
could not with safety refuse to re-
spond to the common toast—"The
health of the King." It was un-
derstood between the faithful, that
when the "King was drunk, it was
the King o'er the water," and to ex-
press this symbolically, one glass was
then passed over another. This, in
time, was modified to the silent touch-
ing of the glasses. In the lower part
of South Carolina and in Virginia, gen-
erally settled with cavaliers, the hab-
it has prevailed and spread where-
ver their descendants have gone in the
South and West. It is the habit of
men to-day, in drinking, to touch
glasses invariably—but never have
I known the custom explained by any
one else. You may rely upon this
being its true exposition.

A CROSS SCHOOLMASTER.—A Ger-
man magazine recently announced
the death of a schoolmaster in Suab-
ia, who for fifty-one years had super-
intended a large institution with old
fashioned severity. From an aver-
age, inferred by means of recorded
observations, one of the ushers has
calculated that, in the course of his
exertions, he had given 911,500
canings, 121,000 floggings, 209,000
custodes, 136,000 taps with the ruler,
10,200 boxes on the ear, and 27,700
tasks by heart. It was calculated
that he had made 700 boys stand up on
peas, 6,000 kneel on the sharp edge
of wood, 5,000 wear the fool's cap,
and 1,700 hold the rod. How vast
(explains the journalist) the quanti-
ty of human misery inflicted by a
single perverse educator!

It is no wonder that abolitionism
hates the memory of Daniel Web-
ster. It was he who said: "Now,
sir, this prejudice has been produced
by the incessant attrition of abolition
lecturers, on the common mind. No
drum-head in the longest day's march
was ever more incessantly beaten
than the feelings of the public in cer-
tain parts of the north. They have
been beaten every month, and every
week, and every day, by the din and
roll and rub-a-dub of abolition press-
es and abolition lecturers, and that it
is which has created these prejudices."
It is for having said this, and
for having said on the same memora-
ble occasion that it was time New
England had conquered her prej-
udices against the south, that abolition-
ism desecrates the memory of Web-
ster, and demands that his statue,
which has been erected near the
Massachusetts state house, shall be
removed.—[Ill. State Register.]

THE PIRE'S PEAK MARKET.—At
Denver City flour from the States
sells at \$16 per 100 lbs.; that from
New Mexico at one dollar less.—
Corn meal is retailed at 12½ cents
per lb.; bacon at 25 cents; lard 30
butter \$1 per lb., and milk at 15
cents per quart. Molasses and
whisky each \$3 per gallon. Corn,
shelled, 10c. per lb., in the ear 5c.
Sugar 35 cents, and coffee 30 cents
per lb. Lumber \$50 per M. Nails
from 30 to 60 cents per lb.; bread 15
cents per lb.; fresh beef 10 cents per
lb., and tallow 50 cents. The cheap-
est articles in the market are veni-
son and gold dust, the former bring-
ing \$1 per quarter, and the latter
selling at a drink of whisky per
pinch.—[St. Jo. West.]

A returned from Carson
Valley reports to the San Andreas
Independent that two miners from
Walker's river, just before crossing
the spur of a mountain that forms
the southwestern boundary of Carson
Valley, discovered a cannon, a small
United States howitzer. Its presence
in that secluded quarter can only be
accounted for upon the presumption
that it is the gun mentioned in Lieut-
enant Fremont's narrative, as hav-
ing been abandoned by him in that
neighborhood, January, 1848, when
he was preparing for the passage of
the Sierra Nevada.

DISSERTATION ON HOOPS AND
DRY GOODS.—She does not believe
in wearing hoops:

"Shouldn't I lock w'll? No dear,
no. I don't want to portend to be
more than I really am; and, if I hav-
en't been made so unanimous as some.
I don't want to cast reflections on
heaven for not making me no larger,
by rigging on artificial purportions."

She is shocked at the dry goods
placards:
"Ah!" said Mrs. Partington, as
she stood looking at the placards
stuck all over the front of a store,
advertising damaged goods for sale.
It was not a big R, like those which
doctors begin their prescriptions
with, but the simple ejaculation "ah!"
and, as she said it, people going along
listed to what she had to say.—
"This," continued she, running on
like a wheelbarrow, "is what is meant
by Mr. Jaquets's, where he says,
'sweet are the uses of advertise-
ments.' But"—and here she butted
against the word "damaged," mak-
ing two words of it, with a profane
construction on the first, that made her
hold her hands up in unqualified hor-
ror—"but, though the goods are ag-
ed, I don't see the need of putting
it quite so strong—so much stronger
than the goods are, I dare say." Like
here pulled her sleeve, at the same
time kicking a big dog on the nose
who was smelling at her "ridicule,"
and the old lady moved on amid the
crowd.

Fine eyes, curling tresses, coral
lips, and regal form, may command
admiration, but will never secure
love. They may excite a brief burn-
ing passion, but will never maintain
a truthful and unwavering attach-
ment. There must be the mind to
inform, and the heart to inspire the
beautiful marble. There must be a
light within the beautiful vase—an
odor and a soul within the deep-
blushing rose. More, there must be
the capacity to love, and to appre-
ciate the love of another; for the
most impassioned heart will faint be-
fore the shrine of a goddess who never
smiles upon her worshipper.

A recently married young man, in
Cincinnati, got intoxicated at a wine
party, and in that state went home to
his wife. As soon as he appeared,
she leaped from the sofa, on which
she had been reclining, and throwing
her alabaster arms about his neck,
inquired: "Are you ill, dearest?
What ails you? You do not seem to
be yourself." "Well, the fact is,"
truth is that—that—I went to sit-
sit up with a si—si—sick brother, be-
longing to our—our—our lodge, you
see, my love, and the li—li—light
went out, and giving him brandy, as
—as the doctor had pre—prescribed,
I—I must have ma—made a mistake
—a mistake in the da—dark, and ta-
ken the liquor myself; whi—which I
should—should ha—have ha—hand-
ed my friend—you see, my dear."
This explanation was very satisfac-
tory; especially to the husband.

A few days ago an elderly lady
made her appearance at a railroad
station to take her first trip by train.
Unluckily for her, the train had just
moved off as she reached the plat-
form, and as it gathered speed, a loud,
warning whistle was given. The
old lady instantly set off along the
line to catch it, and, on being seized
by a couple of porters, indignantly
exclaimed: "Let me go! Don't you
hear 't whistlin' for me!"

WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES.—Ad-
old Whig, who now votes the Bu-
chanan ticket, said the other day:

My acquaintances sometimes won-
der how I, who have always fought
against the Democratic party, can now
vote with it; but I can tell them that
voting the ticket isn't the greatest
difficulty. It is mixing with the men
that I find the hardest work.

OPERATIC OPINIONS.—"What a
strain that is!" said Mrs. Partington,
as she heard an aria from Lucia,
sung in the highest styles by a young
lady where she was visiting. "Yes,"
was the reply, it is operatic. "Up-
per attic, is it?" said she; "I should
think it was high enough to be on the
top of the house."

According to a recent report
the workmen in the city of Paris
number three hundred and sixty
thousand. It has hitherto been gen-
erally supposed that the majority
were those connected with building
operations—masons, carpenters and
the like. But it is now estimated
that the branch of the business which
occupies the greatest number of
hands is that of tailors and dealers
in ready made clothes—one hundred
thousand workmen being engaged in
that branch of business.

When the late O
of Richmond, Va., had
thy, a poor woman, w
with a child in her ar
a storm of sleet and
day in December, to
room, to beg. Among
ent, was a sectarian, n
his day for his godline
ton did not wait for
announce her errand,
from her chilled and
pearance, stepped to
handed her a ten doll
was reproved soon as
gone, by the secretari
asked him if he knew
woman was worthy.
exclaimed Mr. Rals
Good God! Sir, did y
thinly clad she was,
was drenched with the

EARLY.—The adv
the expected immence
emigration arrived in
think, on Friday last,
of Capt. John Grego
discoverer of the "digi
his name. We learn
veteran is now comfort
in a tent near the d
the first of February,
he says he intends to
turn trip to the mi
W. st.

At the Abolition-
Philadelphia last week
of a poetic turn of min
eulogy on John Brown
wind up of which was

"Green be the turf a
Friend of my early
None knew thee but
None named thee"

The poet let his fee
with him in the last

The editor of the
he received from a la
instant 'a rich dou
large fragrant rose, a
est violets and winter
pomegranites, a clust
some very fine figs, fu
the second crop, and a
of the Japan plum, w
the same fruit in fe
raised in the open air.

A decent look
stopping at a hotel to
inquired of the landlo
the news?

The landlord, dispo
upon Paddy, replied
'They say that the
'An sure, quoth Pa
indade.'

Shortly after, Pat s
bar, and depositing so
sumed his seat.

The landlord, alway
customer, asked him v
take.

'Nothing at all,' said
'Why did you put d
ey?' asked his host.

'Och, an' sure, sir,
the custom in my own
a chap like you loses
give him a few copper
for the wake!'

Landlord stood treat

If all funeral sermon
and candid, there migh
this, preached lately by
Western clergyman:

"I have been begg
and importuned to pr
sermon but I don't wa
never did like the ma
know any good of h
horses and he run 'em
and he fit 'em. I hav
occasionally good at fir
they will please remov
the following hymn
"With rapture we de
The cuss removed."

Speaking of church
pussons," the Bosto
that a very good thing
a certain church last Se
dy entered the establish
fore she would be seat
know if they "preach
of Jesus Christ there
John Brown?" Of co
was amazed, but com
ed that "she had com
and she had heard
morning, noon, or ni
weeks, and she would
beforehand.

Vice President Br
the grandson of Rev.
hope Smith, one of th
and elegant gentleme
of his day; and his gr
er was the celebrated
poon, also a presiden
college, and one of the
Declaration of Indep
the State of New Jer

Mc Smith.

ry good story in the day, of a joke (1) ed by old Dr. Cald- of the University of

was a small man, and d and angular as the of pine knots.

if he might be tough, seem strong. Never- among the knowing be as agile as a cat; was by no means de- ledge of the "noble- defence." Besides, as a cucumber.

freshman class of a as a burly beef moun- or 19. This genius eat contempt for ol- dimensions; and hi- fied that one so dif- should be so poten-

that's what we'll call- of moral force.— was not inclined to d be controlled des- an that he imagined whip. He at length give the gentleman a thrashing, some night Campus, pretending for some fellow-stu-

on a dark and rainy at the Doctor crossing Walking up to him

h! you rascal—is that

at he struck the old w on the side of the early felled him.

id nothing, but squar- l at it they went— weight and muscle, gly customer; but af- ty, the Doctor's sci- tell, and in a short

locked his beefy an- d was astraddle on one hand on his throat, ealing vigorous cuffs is head.

eg pardon, doctor!— a mistake—for heav- or!" groaned Joags, was about to be cat- ally thought it was

plied with a word

o difference; for all- s, consider me Smith! said, old Bolus gave pounding, then and ly prevented his ever- mistake as to per- at least on the Col-

y" Subject.

ccidental city, which ss, in our story, lives a character, noted for integrity and love of

years since, a gentle- England visited that view to invest a few a letter of introduc- to a knowledge of the wished to "propitiate" and obtain inform- to chances to make of whiskey was the ar- lish his purpose.

a gallon of "cornjuice," or —, about five n, to look at a "forty," d recommended as a hardly had they cross- fore Jim enquired for

said Downeast pro- good, long pull, then, he jug, said—"Pretty that isn't all you've

named Downeast, "for isn't a gallon enough?" and Jim gave him a

g both scorn and pity fance, "why, stranger, n among two, with five and back again, with on the road!"

on of the team was re- ly; Downeast sudden- ing something he had back they went to town

never saw that "forty," s are now invested in t th- of the

rec- time

when asked by a lady d beauty and stupidity, id rid herself of some admirers, replied: dy to open your mouth,

Four things come not back: the broken word, the sped arrow, the past life and the neglected opportu-

ity.

ATTENTION, STREET INSPECTORS.— We have received the following, which explains itself.

MISTHER EDITOR: Knowin' yer redness to meddle in every mather, wither good or bad, for diversion, religion or politics, and sometimes in courtin', I mak bould to ax yer assistance in this quarter of the city, for—blood and tunder!—such a time you never did see. Since the mud sit in divil a bit of theraval has been in Brooklyn street, and Tim Con-

olly, on the corner, hasn't been able to cross the street to wather his chickens for the last three days, and the coorse of the mud shtrame has damd up at the corner of Ninth street and foorned a sand bar fer-

ainst Jimmy Car's grocery shore, and divil a bit of passin' is there at all, at all. And by the same token, ne and Jim Finigin (divil a better boy's in town) was passin' that way, and says he to me. "Mike," says he, lookin' to the other side of the street. "A small craft in distress,"

says I; "let's ferry over," says I.— "Come in," says he; "she has struck," says he; "don't you see her co'ors flyin' at half-mast," says he, "and her lower timbers exposed." "Come on," says I. Troth, a sorry time we had crossin', but you know we are not the boys to seg a small craft distress. So we put a shoulder in under the main stay on each side, and raised her out of the mud, and farried to tother side in the terriblest schawl you ever seed. Be jabbers the timbers in the main riggins' knock-

ed every inch of bark from my lower timbers, and I thought I was kilt in- tirely. And wen we set her down on the other side, tare and ages, did'n't she scrame murther, and donder and blixen, and called us donder-

skin and plackard, and shouted Bolice, and said wat was I goin' to do wid her, and she would call Shon. "Tim," says I, "let's put her back on tother side."

"Done," says he.

And done it was, but tare and ages did'n't she give us donder and blixen. "By yer lave," says I, "we left you as good as we found you and so good day to you, and a pleasant walk, and no mather if you wear the biggest end of your timbers downwards, it won't kape all the dirt out of yer shoes."

The last word I heard from her was donder and blixen. Says I, "I'm don't you schmell nothin'?" "I don't know says he." Says I, "Schmell your hands." Says he, "Soor crout, by dad."

Now, Mr. Editor, I want ye's to send up the best pilot ye's have, and see if he can navigate from Broadway to Twelfth street, for divil a mother's son of us can git to Jimmy Car's shore for a dhrup of whiskey. Send the Inspectors up, and ye'll have the blessin' of your ould friend,

MIKE HINIGAN.

—Mo. Rep.

DUE NORTH.—An old admiral in his early days went to sea as a mid-

shipman, with poor Capt. Hawser, of the Vesuvius. Hawser was a tremendous fellow for grog; worse even than Old Charley, and that is saying a good deal. Well, when they arrived in the West Indies this indulgence soon brought on a fever, and Hawser nearly lost his life; or as they say at sea, "the number of his mess." The doctor totally inhibited the use of rum or brandy, but told him that when he found himself in a cold climate he might take them moderately; and the farther north he went, the more freely he might in-

duge. Shortly after they returned to England, the Vesuvius was ordered to the Baltic; and as soon as they sailed for their destination Hawser resumed the grog, so long discontinued. He daily asked to have it increased in strength, as they proceeded on their way, and when they reached the Baltic it was considerably more than half and half. The further he sailed, the stronger it became, until, at last, there was scarcely any water in the composition. The invariable order was given to the steward—"Farther north," which meant "mix it stiffer still." One day he sternly commanded him to make it "farther north." "I can't sir," he replied; "you have been due north for three days. It is no longer grog; it is clear rum." "The force of nature could no farther go!"

That was a fearful jest of Norbur-

ry's on sentencing to death a thief who had stolen a watch: "You made a grasp at time, my lad, but you clutched eternity."

Four things come not back: the broken word, the sped arrow, the past life and the neglected opportu-

ity.

Old Jake's Last.—I am clerk in a store in Frederick, Md., and often hearing 'rich jokes,' I thought it might be possible that they would be of some use to you. Here is one of them:

Old Jake S. is a pretty hard drinker, and often when about 'half seas over,' he will tell some of the hardest kind of yarns. Some time ago, sitting in the bar-room of D—'s hotel, and feeling like having some sport at his expense, I told H. to call him in. Just as he was coming in the door I commenced in a loud voice: 'Yes, sir, he died standing up; he was taken with the 'blind staggers,' and he got stiff, and died standing up.' This was all he wanted. So Old Jake commenced:

'What's that you'er talking about—a horse?'

'Yes,' I answered.

'Humph! that's nothing. When I was a boy' my father had a horse that was taken with the lockjaw, and he got so stiff in about thirty seconds that my brother and me had to pry him over with crowbars.'

DRINKING VS. SWEARING.—A few years ago Father D—, a large, round priest of the church, was stationed for a season in Cattaraugus county. He reformed the pastoral charge confided to him, and finally brought into subjection a herd of wild Milesians, settled in that vicinity, who, prior to Father D's advent, had been a fighting, drinking set, of peculiar hard-headedness. When the Reverend Father was called to another charge, a wealthy citizen arranged a dinner party in honor of the good-natured priest, to which his Reverence assented. The jolly priest was unaccustomed to that sort of thing, as the sequel proved. He brought his friend Murphy with him, to the surprise of his host; and sat down to the table with a large party. After eating heartily and observ-

ing that the wine was about to be brought upon the table, he leaned over to his host and confidentially whispered—"I larn the custom of this country is plenty of hard drinkin' and plenty of hard swearin'." I can't do the swearin', because ov me profession, so I've brought along me friend Murphy to do it fur me; but I'll do the hard drinkin'." The host smiled inwardly, and told the story after the priest and his friend had gone home as full as ticks.

Night brings out stars, as sorrow show us truths; we can never see the stars till we can see little or narght else—and thus it is with taith.

Longfellow, in his "Hiawatha," thus elucidates upon the tendency of young women to run away with the "fellers."

"Thus it is our daughters leave us, Those we love and those who love us, Just when they have learned to help us, Comes a youth with flaunting feathers; With his flute of reeds a stranger Wanders piping through the village, Beckons to the fairest maiden, And she follows where he leads her, Leaving all things for the stranger!"

Everybody has heard of the famous letters that passed between the ad-

verse chiefs of Sir Connoll and Tyrone, the most laconic, correspondence in history:

"Pay me my tribute, or if you don't—

O'DONNELL."

"I owe you no tribute, and if I did—

O'NEIL."

The following certificate was duly granted to the parties therein named, and signed by an embryo Justice of the Peace, in Peoria county, Illinois:

"To all the world greeting, know ye that John Smith and Peggy Myers is hereby certified to go together and do as old folks does, anywhere in coporass precinct and when my commission comes I am to marry 'em good, and date 'em back to kiver accidents."

DYING CONSOLATION.—An old unloved Deacon, in his last hour, was visited by a neighbor, who said: "Well Deacon, I hope you feel resigned in going."

"Y-e-s," said the Deacon, "I—I think I—I am resigned."

"Well," said the other, "I thought it might be consoling to you to know that all the neighborhood are resigned also."

"I say, mother," said a regular street loafer the other night, after he had deposited something in a rickety old cupboard, and laid himself down upon the floor.

"I want you to wake me when I get dry."

"How shall I know when you get dry?" asked his mother.

"O, just wake me up any time; I'm always dry."

WHAT HE DIED OF.—The Placer-

ville (Cal.) Observer thus accounts for the sudden death of an Indian of the Digger tribe who recently departed for the spirit land:

Perished thus the luckless Digger; Perished, too, from drinking whisky—Strychnine whisky, sharp as lightning, Ruin blue and minnie ride, Knock 'em stiff and flaming red-eye—Such as kill 'em at the counter, Forty rods or any distance, Perished thus the wretched Injin, By imbibing strychnine whisky Sold by some confounded bummer At a bit a glass, or cheaper, Strychnine whisky—whisky strychnine.

Rochebroucault has said that hypocris is the homage which vice pays to virtue; but even this fine maxim is not universally true. There are instances where, to please a profligate superior, men have affected vices to which they were not inclined, thus making their hypocrisy as homage paid by virtue to vice.

Small acts of kindness, how pleasant and desirable do they make life! Every dark object is made light by them, and every tear of sorrow is brushed away. When the heart is sad and despondency sits at the entrance of the soul, a trifling kindness drives away despair, and makes the path cheerful and pleasant.

There is dew in one flower and not in another, because one opens its cup and takes it in, while the other closes itself and the drop runs off.—God rains goodness and mercy as wide as the dew, and if we lack them, it is because we will not open our hearts to receive them.

Lord Bacon beautifully said: "If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from the other lands, but a continent that joins them."

Beauty and death makes each other seem purer and lovelier, like snow and moonlight.

Lord Byron once said: "You never know a man's temper until you have been imprisoned on board of a ship with him, or a woman's until you have married her."

Customer to restaurant man—"Boy!" Restaurant man—"Don't call me a boy, sir; I'm no boy, sir." Customer—"Then do as you'd be done by and don't call this mutton lamb any more."

Spare moments are the gold dust of time. Of all the portions of our life, spare moments are the most truthful in good or evil. They are the gaps through which temptation find the easiest access to the soul.

"Our misfortunes," says Sadi, 'should teach us compassion—he best can feel for the condition of the unfortunate who has himself partaken of wretchedness."

There is a man in Algiers who tells such good stories that his friends say it is dangerous to walk with him in the forests, for all the hyenas come round him to laugh.

"I fear you are about served up," said a croaking friend to a cheerful invalid.

"O, no, I have only one little stitch in my side."

A country editor perpetrates the following upon the marriage of a Mr. Husband to the lady of his choice,

"This case is the strongest we have known in our life, The husband's a Husband, and so is his wife."

"So I UNDERSTAND, Mr. Tooke, you have all the blackguards in London with you," said O'Brien to him on the hustings at Westminster."

"I am happy to have it, sir, on such good authority."

IMPORTANT! IMPORTANT!!

TO THE SOUTHERN TRADE IN PARTICULAR.

WALKER BROTHERS,

At their Old Stand in Fairfield, Camp Floyd, Are now offering at Wholesale and Retail, AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES, A large and elegant assortment of Goods of every description, variety, Style, Quality and Price, UNSURPASSED IN ANY HOUSE.

Call and See.

Thirkhill & Sprout, TAILORS.

INFORM the public that they have opened a shop on Main Street, one door north of Goddard's Store, where they are prepared to attend to all branches of their trade, on the

SHORTEST NOTICE. Having acquired our trade in New York City, we feel confident of giving satisfaction to such as may favor us with their patronage.

STEPHEN DEWOLF, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Great Salt Lake City, Utah Territory. Will attend promptly to collections and other business entrusted to his care.

GOOD TIME COMING. MONOPOLY DONE AWAY WITH. GEO. CRONYN & CO., SIGN OF THE BIG T.

STAPLE DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, DYE-STUFFS &c., &c. Low for CASH or READY PAY, determined to make room for a new stock next summer. Their prices will be found reasonable.

CALL AND EXAMINE. NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS. Teas, 3 lb quality, from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per lb. Sugar, 3 lbs for one dollar. Coffee, 35 cts. per pound. State Raisins, 30 cts. per pound.

For Sale. FLOUR, CORN MEAL, BARLEY, OATS, CHOPPED WHEAT. Traders and Dealers will do well to call.

LAST TRAIN, AND BEST GOODS! ROGERS, SHROPSHIRE & ROSS WISH to call attention to their large assortment of Merchandise, now offered for sale at the Store house recently occupied by C. H. BASSETT.

The people of this City and the public generally are assured that OUR STOCK OF GOODS CAN NOT be surpassed in this market, either for QUALITY or CHEAPNESS.

We have the Best Variety and the LARGEST ASSORTMENT of FINE DRESS GOODS ever opened in this City.

SPLENDID DRESS SILKS, CASHMERE, MERINOS, ALPACAS, DELAINES, LAWNS, SINGERS, CHAMBRAYS, JACONET AND SWISS MUSLINS, CRINOLINE, CHALIS, RIBBONS, VELVETS, AND ALL SORTS OF TRIMMINGS.

CLOAKS, MANTILLAS, PARASOLS, and every variety of LADIES' GOODS, CLOTHS, SATINETTS, CASSIMERES, TWEEDS, CORDUOYS, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, AND READY-MADE CLOTHING.

GROCERIES AND DYE STUFFS. A full list of Yankee notions. Don't forget Good and Cheap. ROGERS, SHROPSHIRE & ROSS

NEW GOODS. WE would respectfully announce to the citizens of Salt Lake City and Valley that we are now receiving and opening, next door north of Messrs. Gilbert & Gerish, and at Camp Floyd, our largest stock of Merchandise, which has been selected with great care, expressly for this market, and which we are determined to sell as low as any house in the city.

We would say to Ladies that we have a large stock of Dress Goods, suitable to their wants, and which we would be pleased to have them call and examine.

100 COOK STOVES for sale by DYER, BRO. & CO.

5000 LBS. SHEET IRON, for sale by DYER, BRO. & CO.

WE have 150 yoke of CATTLE to sell or exchange for Country Produce. DYER, BRO. & CO.

THOMAS S. WILLIAMS, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Will practice in all the courts of the Territory, and especially in the U. S. District Courts, and Supreme Court. He will give efficient attention to all professional engagements.

OFFICE—One door North of Post Office, Great Salt Lake City.

HOCKADAY & BERRY, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MERCHANTS.

Have opened in their NEW STORE ROOM ON MAIN STREET. A large Assortment of MERCHANDISE. Specially selected for this market. Liberal discounts made to Country merchants.

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PERFUMERIES. Spring & Summer Trade. 59. ALEX. LEITCH, MARBLE BUILDING, CORNER OF FOURTH AND OLIVE STREETS, ST. LOUIS, MO. TAKES pleasure in having attention to his SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PURE RE-AGENTS, AND PHARMACEUTICAL PREPARATIONS. Of which he has a very full and varied assortment, and of the best and purest quality. He would direct the attention of the Profession to his unusually large Stock of SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS, selected with care, and made by the most skillful manufacturers, and with all the latest improvements. He would commend to the notice of those in want of TOILETTE ARTICLES, including every variety, English and French, to his assortment of PERFUMERIES, ELEGANT EXTRACTS, POMADES AND SOAPS. He has in plenty of this Establishment with a large supply of the choicest BRANDIES, WINES, AND GIN. And is also prepared to fill all orders for Congress and other Mineral Waters, of which he is the sole Agent for St. Louis. His stock of AMERICAN CHESTS, AND DRESSING CASES, is large, and has been selected with special reference to the PIKE'S PEAK TRADE, AND THE PLAINS.

HOCKADAY & BERRY, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MERCHANTS.

Have opened in their NEW STORE ROOM ON MAIN STREET. A large Assortment of MERCHANDISE. Specially selected for this market. Liberal discounts made to Country merchants.

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PERFUMERIES. Spring & Summer Trade. 59. ALEX. LEITCH, MARBLE BUILDING, CORNER OF FOURTH AND OLIVE STREETS, ST. LOUIS, MO. TAKES pleasure in having attention to his SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PURE RE-AGENTS, AND PHARMACEUTICAL PREPARATIONS. Of which he has a very full and varied assortment, and of the best and purest quality. He would direct the attention of the Profession to his unusually large Stock of SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS, selected with care, and made by the most skillful manufacturers, and with all the latest improvements. He would commend to the notice of those in want of TOILETTE ARTICLES, including every variety, English and French, to his assortment of PERFUMERIES, ELEGANT EXTRACTS, POMADES AND SOAPS. He has in plenty of this Establishment with a large supply of the choicest BRANDIES, WINES, AND GIN. And is also prepared to fill all orders for Congress and other Mineral Waters, of which he is the sole Agent for St. Louis. His stock of AMERICAN CHESTS, AND DRESSING CASES, is large, and has been selected with special reference to the PIKE'S PEAK TRADE, AND THE PLAINS.

NEW GROCERY STORE OPENED. One Door North of Nixon's. TO the citizens of Utah.—Call on Nixon's Store, 1000 & 1002 Main Street, every thing in the Grocery line. CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPER.

We have now opened and ready for sale, wholesale or retail, one of the best stocked stores in the city. STAPLE GROCERIES.

We have brought to this market, consisting of the following articles: Sugar, coffee, tea, rice, dried apples, many varieties, mince, starch, pepper, spices, alum, cornmeal, salt, butter, lard, tallow, and every variety of every kind, brandy, fruit, favoring extracts, and every kind, nuts of all kinds, raisins, cotton and hemp twines, and every kind of dry goods, and every kind of hardware, and every kind of building materials, and every kind of agricultural implements, and every kind of machinery, and every kind of tools, and every kind of iron, and every kind of steel, and every kind of brass, and every kind of copper, and every kind of tin, and every kind of lead, and every kind of zinc, and every kind of silver, and every kind of gold, and every kind of platinum, and every kind of iron, and every kind of steel, and every kind of brass, and every kind of copper, and every kind of tin, and every kind of lead, and every kind of zinc, and every kind of silver, and every kind of gold, and every kind of platinum.

We will sell all of the above articles at as low prices as any house in Salt Lake City, and every article, not one high and another low.

We also have a lot of Ames' celebrated sugar, and put up expressly for this market.

Come with the cash and see our goods, and you will purchase.

We also wish to purchase a few hundred pounds of wool.

GERARD B. ALLEN, OLIVER B. FULTON, FULTON IRON WORKS. Second & Carr Sts., St. Louis. MANUFACTURE High and Low Pressure Steam Engines, Boilers, and every kind of machinery, and every kind of tools, and every kind of iron, and every kind of steel, and every kind of brass, and every kind of copper, and every kind of tin, and every kind of lead, and every kind of zinc, and every kind of silver, and every kind of gold, and every kind of platinum.

NOTICE. WE have taken the house formerly occupied by Gilbert & Gerish, at Camp Floyd, it will in future be well supplied with a good assortment of goods, and one of the best stocked stores in the city. Our friends will please call and see us.

NOTICE. THE Copartnership heretofore existing between the undersigned at Camp Floyd, is hereby dissolved by mutual consent. Dyer, Bro. & Co., at Camp Floyd are authorized to settle their business.

WANTED: A FEW good Mules in exchange for good Working Cattle. Apply to GILBERT & GERISH.

WORK CATTLE. 100 Yoke of Work Cattle in good working condition for sale by GILBERT & GERISH.

100 WAGONS JUST ARRIVED FROM THE STATES. WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED ONE LARGE STOCK OF Dry Goods, Liquors, Hats & Caps, Boots & Shoes, Clothing, Hardware, Outfitting Goods, Harness, Saddles, & Bridles, which we will exchange for FLOUR and GRAIN, at all kinds of

COUNTRY PRODUCE. Our stock has been selected with great care, and is well adapted to the wants of the people of this section. We would call the attention of Country Merchants and large dealers generally to the above, as we offer them such inducements as will enable them to make satisfactory purchases.

ALSO, 75 light Chicago WAGONS, 250 heavy AMERICAN WAGONS, 250 heavy CANADIAN WAGONS, and a large stock of FINE STALLIONS, by the MEXICAN JACKSON & CO. G. A. PERRY & CO.

THE origin of this appellation is to discover, nor do I presume to perusal of James' Naval History, any one would be a bit the wisest it is because he is a general. In India they call the doctor, and gasp out for its approach with every that a suffering patient ever the arrival of some skillful doctor. The cook has been with sailors beyond even the story of that gifted individual, and nautical inhabitant, and do will remain as long as England plank to float upon the water, flag to brave the battle and

My friend the doctor is one of the extensive class of genius; but by him to perfection we must

friend the Doctor is a neg-

Englishman by education, strictly nautical. Leave him ashore for a month at a spell, and he would run to seed like an over-cucumber, or wither like a blighted cabbage. On a skimp up the side of a vessel, be she large or small, steam-sailer, and he revives immediately. Climate or exposure has no influence upon his iron constitution, and he lives always under the conviction that without his services the captain and passengers to any amount inevitably perish. Yet the doctor possesses no diploma to license to practice medicine or surgery; no knowledge of physics, (thanks to his good sense,) excepting that Epsom salts are exceedingly abominable of flavor in the course of an hour to produce spasmodic cramps, the doctor would sooner starve a pint or so of pea-soup. A friend the doctor is—the ship-

friend the doctor is one of the extensive class of genius; but by him to perfection we must

friend the doctor is one of the extensive class of genius; but by him to perfection we must